

Sports Illustrated

JULY 18, 1966

40 CENTS

SURFING'S EAST COAST BOOM

TOP STYLIST PHIL EDWARDS
RIDES AT VIRGINIA BEACH





Commander Whitehead enjoys cracking icebombs, sampling Schweppes Tonic

Why is Commander Whitehead taking a Schweppesman's holiday?

THE President of Schweppes (U.S.A.) Ltd. answers this question, in a frank memo to hard-working businessmen.

"I just can't bear to leave my work behind. I feel a compulsion to take it home with me—cases and cases of it.

"But I wouldn't advise you to take

you on a work home with you.

"Take mine, instead.

"Schweppes Tonic is perfect for lazy, leisure hours," the Commander goes on. "Pour it down the side of a glass, over ice, with gin or vodka or rum. Curiously refreshing. And relaxing, too, because you don't have to

rash to beat the patrician little bubbles to the bottom of the glass. Schweppes-verveance keeps the spirits up, down to the ultimate swallow.

"And if you happen to feel guilty about relaxing with Schweppes instead of working, tell yourself people have been doing it since 1794."



If you eat or sleep away from home,
this is the only guidebook to America that tells you:

How good?

How good the food is
How good the service is
How good the value is

How good a restaurant is
You know how to grade it
You've been there before
You're hungry
So you look for a restaurant with a light on the outside

When you see the light, you know it's good
It's not a book, it's a light
It's not a book, it's a light
It's not a book, it's a light

If you're tired of being a choice
Every time you go to a restaurant
The Mobil Travel Guide has the
1000 restaurants, 10000 hotels, and
10000 motels in the country
Every one has been inspected by



one of our inspectors
And every restaurant is a choice
It's not a book, it's a light

Take restaurants
They're not a book, it's a light
Inspectors are going to know it

When he goes to a restaurant, he goes
clean the kitchen is how much food
and how much food is a restaurant
it's not a book, it's a light

And he's not a book, it's a light
specialists in the kitchen, children's
children's place, and food, etc.

When he has the book, he goes to the
writes out a del. ided report to the central
office. His 10-1000 and 10000
with previous inspections and reports
from all the Mobil Travel Guide
If a place is good, it's a good rating

Motels, hotels and restaurants give the same frank treatment

Every place that's been inspected
inspected and inspected and inspected
the book is the Mobil Travel Guide
It's not a book, it's a light

It's not a book, it's a light
It's not a book, it's a light
It's not a book, it's a light

You get helpful tips that make traveling easier
(Such as border-crossing and customs information)

And you get special Guest Certificates that can save you money on a lot of things you'd probably pay full price to do anyway

The Mobil Travel Guide covers the entire United States in 7 regional editions \$1.95 each. Each edition has about 500 pages

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food, lodging;
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new hampshire
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"When it comes to family security, I take no chances."

EDWARD H. "NED" BOOK, 35, General Manager,
Hotel Bethlehem, Bethlehem, Pa.

"In Christmas City, we are continually making changes so that Hotel Bethlehem will be even more comfortable and attractive. In setting out to add a facility or improve a service, I must thoroughly study comparative costs, benefits and projected end results. I also rely heavily on past experience in making final decisions.

"So it is when it comes to family and financial security. Net costs, policy provisions and company past history were all factors in helping me decide to protect my family's future with Northwestern Mutual life insurance.

"Our Northwestern Mutual policies provide family protection, systematic

savings and retirement income at the lowest possible net cost.

"In the hotel business, even after thorough analysis, a certain amount of risk must be taken—it cannot be otherwise. But when it comes to family security, there is no need to take chances—not with Northwestern Mutual policies and agents available."

There is a difference . . . and the difference grows

Twelve times in the last 14 years, Northwestern Mutual Life has increased its dividend scale, reducing the net cost of its life insurance each time.

Here is how a typical NML policy owner benefits. A 35-year-old man who bought a \$10,000 whole life policy in 1952 will receive a total of \$134,701 in dividends in 1966, instead of the \$81,100 based on the 1952 scale.

Year after year, better-than-average returns on investments, an exceptional low mortality experience, and low operating expense make NML a national leader in low net cost life insurance.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE

MILWAUKEE



Isn't she sweet? Sandy and Eddie think so and their mother agrees. They named new springer spaniel "Condy."

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Credits on page 78

Next week

GLORIOUS GOODWOOD the Jovial racetrack of them all, is shown in color and is described by Novelist Maurice Richardson right from the spot: a duke's back garden.

A LION ON THE HOOD of your car is a predicament not easily arrived at—or solved—but that's what happened to a group of Boston tennis players who went on an African safari.

CHIEF REDSKIN Edward Bennett Williams, legal eagle and president of the Washington football team, has hired Otto Graham as coach in an attempt to get the Skins on the warpath.



Would you sell your present car to a friend?

Why not? Because it's three or four years old and you figure you've gotten the best years out of it and who knows what's about to go wrong with it?

Volvo owners sell to friends. And they don't lose their friends.

In fact, so many Volvos pass from friend to friend that Volvos are hard to find on used car lots. And when you do find one you pay a good price for it.

I (the writer of this advertisement) bought my Volvo from a friend eight months ago. It was seven years old and had over 100,000 miles on it at the time. It cost about \$100 to put it in shape (my friend isn't noted for taking good care of his cars). It needed new brake linings, new king pins, a carburetor overhaul and that's about it. The head has

never been off the engine and no major repairs have been made on any other part of the car.

The reason Volvo compacts hold up so well is that Volvos are built in Sweden. In Sweden there are no speed limits on the highways. There are over 70,000 miles of unpaved roads.

In Sweden Volvos are driven hard. Yet they're driven an average of eleven years before people give up on them.

You may not want to keep your Volvo eleven years (although once you get used to not making car payments you might). But wouldn't it be a comfort to own a car that's built well enough to be driven that long?

Especially since you can always sell it to a friend at a good price. With a clear conscience.



Stock of Volvo 460 and other models shown available.

OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE

Introducing the new Gillette Techmatic® Razor

No blades to handle. Instead, a band of the finest Gillette Super Stainless steel, coiled inside a cartridge.

Snap the cartridge into the razor. Flip a lever; the continuous band advances a new edge into position (six edges in all, each edge lasts about a week). Then snap in a new cartridge.

The Super Stainless band — $\frac{1}{3}$ the thickness of a regular blade — brings you the lightest touch in shaving. Less pull. Much less chance of a nick.

Think what that could do for your confidence.

Gillette Techmatic Razor with cartridge... \$2.95
Extra cartridges... \$1.00 each.

We've taped many weeks
of shaving on a
Super Stainless steel band...
...the band is sealed
inside this
cartridge...

...just put the
cartridge in here
and play it back.
End blade
handling forever.

New
Gillette TECHMATIC® Razor



Why does Red Coach put the stuffing outside these jumbo butterfly shrimp?

Because putting it inside would make them too heavy to lift? Not really, though they are whoppers. (About 2 to 4 times the usual size.)

No, we do it because they're too good to hide. The stuffing absorbs the juices and bakes along with the shrimp to a beautiful golden brown.

Whether it's baked shrimp, charcoal-broiled steak or fighting fresh



RED COACH GRILLS
a division of Howard Johnson Company

Maine lobster the Big Red Menu has many temptations for hearty appetites.

Come join us. You'll discover why particular people come back to the Red Coach . . . often.

There are now 17 Red Coach Grills in New England, New York, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Florida. The two newest are in Cleveland and Philadelphia.



Are you taking advantage of little Budget Rent-A-Car System when you rent its Chevrolet Impalas for \$7 a day and 6¢ a mile?

We're simply betting our shirts you'll be back again to take advantage of our low rates. What's more, we don't spare the horses. For \$7 a day and 6¢ a mile*, you get a fine car, like a new Chevrolet Impala, with the works—automatic transmission, radio, seat belts, heater/defroster and proper insurance. And you buy only the gas you use. Make free teletype reservations in advance. We're only a hop-skip-and-jump from the airport. Just give us a buzz and we'll probably be there to pick you up before your luggage arrives.

That goes for all our 350 Budget System offices in 250 cities in Continental U.S.A., Canada, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, England and Europe. By the bye, see that 5/5 on our funny-looking sign? It means we'll rent you a new Corvair Monza or other fine compact for \$5 a day and 5¢ a mile*. That was our original idea, so we keep the sign and the rate for our friends. We honor Diner's Club, American Express and Carte Blanche, but we do have our own credit card. Just send in the coupon below for your application.

Prudent people save a buck with Budget... look for us in the Yellow Pages



We feature the 1966 Chevrolet Impala, the car with the jet-smooth ride.

Budget Rent-A-Car Corp.
35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 60601

51

Gentlemen: I'd like a Budget Credit Card. Please send me an application form and a wallet size list of your System's office locations and phone numbers.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send To: Budget Rent-A-Car Corp., 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 60601

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We won at Indy, the day before the race.

Every car had a Fram filter.

Of the 33 cars in the 1966 Indianapolis 500 mile race, 33 had Fram oil filters.

And Indy is just part of the Fram racing story. Fram-equipped cars ended up first at the Daytona 500. First in all classes at Sebring. First at Phoenix and Trenton.

And we put the same race-winning know-how into a new kind of filter for cars just like yours. It's the new Fram Super Wear-Guard oil filter.

With a filter medium 20% thicker.

And many more extra-small pores.

It protects your car's engine like no other filter ever could before.

So get a new Fram Super Wear-Guard oil filter for your car. Get it at your service station. **They work on the track. They work on the road.**



If Canada Dry Quinine Water isn't aboard, maybe you shouldn't be, either.



Tonic drinks somehow never quite get off the ground unless they're made with America's best-selling quinine water.

Maybe because Canada Dry starts with water so pure, it's called "polished." Maybe be-

cause our pinpoint carbonation keeps drinks alive to the not-so-bitter end.

You'd think all this special care would cost more. But it doesn't. So, there's really no reason your favorite summer drink can't fly first class.





Ride the winner



In the last two seasons, the United States Auto Club has sanctioned 30 Championship Races. These are the classics of the American racing circuit . . . Indianapolis, Trenton, Phoenix, Atlanta, etc. When the final records were tallied, 22 of the 30 races had been won by drivers who had a Tiger in their tanks—Special Esso Racing Fuel.

And the same technical knowledge that has helped these winning drivers also helps to blend a great gasoline for your car . . . High-energy Esso Extra.

Want to ride with a winner? Try a tankful of Esso Extra gasoline for your car . . . Put a Tiger in Your Tank®! "Happy Motoring!"®

HUMBLE OIL & REFINING COMPANY, AMERICA'S LEADING ENERGY COMPANY



Looking for more reasons to finally invest in a vacation retreat?

Drop us a quarter and we'll send you a dozen brand new ones.

It's hot off the press and better than ever, the all new Western Wood vacation home plans book. Twelve exclusive homes with floor plans designed to entice you.

This year, spend the family vacation in a mountain or waterside retreat of your own. Financing a second home could never be easier, especially one based on sound plans and

solid materials like Western Wood.

No other building material lends itself so well to vacation home designs. Western Wood surrounds you with a natural warmth all its own. Soaring wood beams and solid wood decking are built to withstand the strongest winds or the heaviest snow loads. Your vacation home can be a year around retreat, protected by Western



Woods' natural insulation. Solid wood takes stains and finishes like a friend; its built-in durability keeps maintenance to a minimum.

So, why wait until "someday." Clip the coupon and get a dozen brand new reasons why you should build your own vacation retreat. You'll find yourself making plans instead of excuses.

Western Wood Products Association

One of a series presented by the Western Wood Products Association and American Plywood Association.



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Please send me your brand new book of
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When your host asks what you'd like,
is it polite to specify the Smooth Canadian?
(Or should you just hope for the best?)

Etiquette says hope. So next time you're host, be sure to offer Seagram's V.O. After all, more people prefer it than any other brand of imported whisky (including Scotch). That's because V.O. does what no other whisky can—defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course. Next question, Emily?

Known by the company it keeps
Seagram's
Canadian

V.O.





Driving over bumps get you down... and up and down and up and down? Our four-wheel independent suspension straightens that out.



The Triumph Spitfire Mk2 is longer, lower, wider, faster than anything in her price league. And that's a pretty fast league!



The Spitfire Mk2 is an excellent example of British engineering know-how. Translation: she requires lubrication only once every 6,000 miles.



Like to hear something really racy? At the 1965 Le Mans, Spitfire GT's finished 1-2 in their class.

TRIUMPH

This is the sure sign of a real sports car. Accept no substitutes!

The new adjustable bucket seats are hand-tooled, deep-cushioned. They shape themselves to you, rather than vice-versa. (We'd also like to point out that they sit in a plush, fully-carpeted interior.)

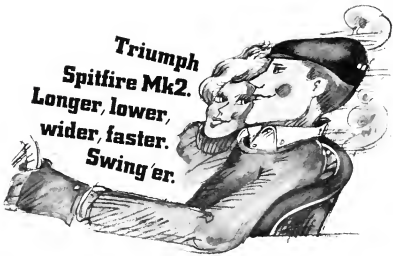


Optional: racy wire wheels. Standard: accurate rack-and-pinion steering to steer them clear of trouble.



She also features four-speed shift, dependable disc brakes, tight 24-ft. turning circle, roll-up windows, electric windshield wipers, etc., etc., etc. For \$2155* that's a lot of etc.'s! *Suggested retail price MSRP, plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in the West. 1964 model complete equipment available. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Available in Canada. Because delivery also available. Standard Triumph Motor Company Inc., 111 Hudson Place, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

**Triumph
Spitfire Mk2.
Longer, lower,
wider, faster.
Swing'er.**



SCORECARD

SPOILSPORTS

The decision, ostensibly made by the members of the Russian track and field team, to call off the meet with the U.S. in Los Angeles later this month because of American policy in Vietnam is a deplorable intrusion of politics into sports. The Russians claim the athletes themselves resolved not to compete, but their statements ring of party propaganda.

Perhaps even more reprehensible is the well-founded suspicion that Russia canceled the meet, as well as a series of games with a strong U.S. basketball team, because it felt it would certainly lose. The poor showing of the Russian track team at a recent meet in Odessa, coupled with the usual excellence of the U.S. men and the extraordinary achievements of the U.S. women at their national championships two weeks ago, foreboded defeat no matter what contortions the Russians might have resorted to in sponsoring the meet. As a State Department spokesman phrased it: "They saw a bad licking staring them in the face." In this respect, then, Vietnam may have been used merely as a particularly nasty excuse.

Perhaps it is naive to believe that sport can transcend the unrealities of international power politics or, indeed, remain as some kind of oasis of sanity. But since its inception in 1958, the U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet has provided a welcome relief from the stresses, bitterness and despair of the Cold War and has proved that not only the athletes but the people of both nations could still get together and have a good time.

We vividly remember the Russian and U.S. teams gaily parading arm in arm around the track at Stanford at the conclusion of the 1962 meet as a crowd of 30,000 stood cheering. We also recall the competition in Moscow in 1963. Khrushchev and Harriman, who had been negotiating the test-ban treaty, were at the stadium. Darkness was falling. The air was electric. In the last event Valeri Brumel, who had missed twice, finally

made a world-record high jump, and Khrushchev and Harriman impulsively leaped from their seats and hugged each other.

"We cannot visit a country whose rulers are violating the elementary rules of humanity on our planet," Broad Jumper Igor Ter-Ovanesyan parroted. What about violating the elementary principles of sportsmanship, Ter? We can only hope that The Ter, Tamara Press, Brumel, *et al.* are properly ashamed of their performances as puppets.

A BLISTERING PACE

Russ Chaffee, a 39-year-old high school math teacher from Sayre, Pa., has been swimming the entire 440 miles of the Susquehanna River from Cooperstown, N.Y. to Havre de Grace, Md.

Last week, on the 20th day of his swim, Chaffee passed through Harris-



burg, Pa., and he had only one complaint: his feet hurt. Pennsylvania is in the midst of a drought, and Chaffee has had to walk much of the way.

"The lack of water has slowed me down," he admitted. "I've scraped my stomach on the bottom. Some of the areas are so rocky I have to wear socks

and flippers to keep from cutting my feet. In fact, the blisters from the first couple of days are just starting to heal."

Chaffee said he undertook the swim "to make people aware of the Susquehanna as a recreational area." Indeed, it may replace the Appalachian Trail someday.

LIMIT THE UNLIMITED

Four of the country's most expert unlimited hydroplane drivers have been killed in the last three weeks. Ron Musson, Rex Manchester and Don Wilson died during the President's Cup regatta on the Potomac, and Chuck Thompson was fatally injured racing for the Gold Cup on the Detroit River.

This past weekend a committee composed of Lee Schoenith, chairman of the American Power Boat Association's Unlimited Racing Commission; Builder Les Staudacher; Driver Bill Muncey; and Buddy Byers, a former driver, concluded that "nothing could have been done" to prevent the accidents. "The boats all had been inspected and pronounced sound for racing," Schoenith stated. "There were no indications of driver negligence. And the boats aren't going any faster this year than they were last year."

Unlimited racing has not claimed a great number of lives, and the fact that four men died in such a short space of time may well be, as the committee implied, mere coincidence. But it seems to us that it may also be an instance of the percentages catching up. Unlike any other sport, including auto racing, there has been little or no margin for error in the unlimiteds during the last 20 years.

Indeed, the very fact that the boats inexplicably flip, crash, explode and burn like infernal machines or Jean Tinguely's self-destructive contraptions, is, in itself, proof that something should be done. Without impugning the integrity of the committee, it was nonetheless in its interest to clear the sport's name; the findings would have carried more weight if several committee members hadn't been closely associated with unlimiteds.

Instead of a self-serving declaration, the committee might have considered imposing some limits in regard to fuel, power, design, construction, rules of the road, driver qualifications. We don't presume to offer any specific suggestions, but we do venture to state that there should be some leeway for human error, which even the most skilled and nerveless are susceptible to now and then.

continued



Almost like having your tires custom-built

Seiberling's exclusive Performance Rating Tire Selector helps you choose the tire that's best for your driving. Shows you facts that explain the reasons for the price and performance differences between individual Seiberling tires. Compares tread width and depth, footprint area, body strength, impact resistance, traction and other factors... points up their effect on safety, comfort, stability and mileage. These facts help you make the ultimate choice. There's no guesswork. It's almost like having your tires "custom-built." Your Seiberling Dealer will gladly present the facts. (He's in the Yellow Pages.)



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105

20,000 M



A purple motor oil?

By all means. Super-Royal Triton is the amazing purple motor oil that means extra protection for your car's engine in any driving situation. It cleans as it lubricates.

You can depend on Super-Royal Triton when the going is hot, cold, high speed and stop-and-go. It's so good that it exceeds all car manufacturers' oil recommendations.

Ask for it wherever your car is serviced.



**UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA**

SCORECARD *continued*

We are for competitions in which "calculated risk" is an accepted factor, but an event in which "nothing could have been done" is in our book no more a sport than Russian roulette.

WEIGHTY QUESTION

The London *Times* has unearthed a genetic phenomenon. Rosemary Payne, the current British women's discus champion, and her husband, Howard the best British hammer thrower, have twins. The previous British women's discus record holder, Suzanne Allday, is married to a onetime English record holder in the hammer, and they have twins. The wife of Harold Connolly, the 1956 Olympic hammer champion and former world record holder, is Olga Fikotova, the 1956 Olympic discus champion—and they have twins, too. As the *Times* points out, companies being asked to insure against twin births would do well to ask: "What do you and your wife throw?"

BLUE VICTIM

One of our favorite organizations, the Sierra Club, is being slowly throttled by the Internal Revenue Service. On June 9 the club ran a couple of full-page ads urging readers to protest two proposed dams in the Grand Canyon (SI, June 27). Less than 24 hours later the IRS, proceeding with almost unseemly haste, advised the club that it could no longer be assured its donations would be tax deductible. In effect, this action choked off most of the club's contributions.

At the time, the IRS promised to rule on at least the retroactivity of its advisory before July 10—in other words, to determine whether any donations received by the club after June 10 were tax-deductible. As Treasury Under Secretary Joseph Barr, the man responsible for the precipitate move, said on June 14, "This won't strangle them for very long." Well, on July 8, an IRS spokesman said that all he could say was, "The examination has begun. It is not completed. There is no fix as to when a decision will be reached." Mr. Barr, the victim is turning blue.

THE RETURN OF NORMAN FORD

A visitor to the finish line at Suffolk Downs in Boston the other day came upon a man wearing two pairs of glasses simultaneously. It was, of course, Professor Norman Ford, the prodigious how-to author (SI, Oct. 4, 1965), whose

Force Method for the Handicapping of Race Horses—all 28 volumes of it at \$3 a pop—transformed Ford from pauper to prince of the old Astor mansion in Newport, R.I.

Devotees of the professor will be delighted to learn that he, anyway, is still beating the races. a \$113.40 daily double this particular afternoon. Back from a long trip abroad, Ford announced he is ready to share a startling new system with his faithful students. His latest work will be entitled *The New Zealand Method* and, for now, this is his 29th and last word on the horses. Ford is at present preoccupied with reissuing, by popular demand, one of his earlier works, a one-shot entitled *You Can Save Your Hw.*

GOOD GRIEF!

In the Sunnyvale, Calif. Little League a team named the Chargers wound up in the cellar with a record of one win, 10 defeats and a tie.

Naturally, the Chargers' players were apprehensive of the other teams in the league—the Cobras, the Wildcats, the Panthers, the Lions and the Dragons. Indeed, after facing the hating Cobras, the fire-breathing Dragons, the howling Wildcats, the roaring Lions and the snarling Panthers, the Chargers' second baseman asked his manager: "What does a Charger look like, and what noises does he make?"

The second baseman's name is, honest, Charlie Brown.

LOCKED OUT

Charley Hinkle, who calls the races at The Meadows, Del Miller's harness track outside of Pittsburgh, fancies himself not merely a great voice but a great handicapper—not an uncommon failing. He even distributes a tip sheet to local Dodge dealers, which he touts on a radio show, and of late he has been averaging five winners a night.

Despite Hinkle's success, Miller couldn't see him as a handicapper and, on a recent Saturday, Del told Hinkle that he kind of thought somebody might be making his picks for him. Hinkle, briding, volunteered to handicap that night's races in the presence of witnesses. His list of winners was then locked in the desk of Joe Lynch, the track's general manager. When Lynch unlocked the desk after the races it was discovered that Hinkle had gone 0 for 9.

continued



*Until this morning the biggest lady
Mike McCabe had ever seen was his Aunt Stella.*

Sure, he'd seen pictures of Miss Liberty. In Oakland. But they didn't show that she was so big.

Or that she was green.

Another thing Mike discovered today was the fun of flying—on a United Air Lines' Jet.

First, he got a pair of Junior Pilot's wings. Next, he and his folks watched the latest color movie on a wide screen. What about lunch? Sirloin steak, with all the trimmings. (Mike didn't eat the asparagus.)

Suddenly, they were in New York. And then on top of the

Statue of Liberty. 176 steps and an elevator ride in the sky.

Now Mike's looking at the view. 15 miles in each direction. There is nothing like it in the world.

Mike doesn't have a lump in his throat. He's too young for that. All he knows is—he's discovering America.

And United flies to more of it, more often, than any other airline.

Discover America with United's Family Plan. 1/2 off for your wife, 1/3 off for each child. Charge it with United's Personal Travel Credit Card.

fly the friendly skies of United.



"That's right.
176 steps!"



No wonder the English have kept cool for 197 years!

(mix an iced drink with Gordon's to see how they do it)



Judy is going
to copy 88 letters
on the "914" dry
copier. It'll take
her about 15 minutes.
They'll look pretty good.

Barbara is going to
copy 88 letters on the
Bruning 2000 dry copier.
It'll take her about
7½ minutes. They'll look
a lot sharper.

That's why we get almost half our sales by replacing our main competitor's "914." Barbara's boss not only gets his copies in half the time—he also gets sharp, clean copies he can read.

But we don't stop at impressive savings in time, plus quality reproduction. The Bruning 2000 also saves you a lot of money in the bargain.

But see for yourself. Just call your Bruning man for a demonstration. He's listed under Bruning or Addressograph Multigraph in the telephone directories of 155 major cities. Or write Dept. A, Mt. Prospect, Illinois.



Barbara's copies
cost less, too.

 **Bruning**
Division of Addressograph Multigraph Corp.



Buckle Sergeant's® Sentry® Collar on your dog.

It will kill his fleas from nose to tail for three full months.

**Positively,
unequivocally,
absolutely
or you get your
money back.
Period.**

(Also aids in tick control.)

This remarkable Sentry Collar works by permeating every hair on your dog from nose to tail. It has been extensively (and intensively) tested by veterinarians and is registered with the U. S. Department of Agriculture (No. 778-21).

Last year Sentry Collar was the fastest selling flea killer. Overwhelmingly, users reported complete elimination of fleas for three months. It also aids in tick control, especially in the neck area.

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SCORECARD *continued*

Unabashed, Hinkle said he would next try his hand at picking Monday's twin double. Again his choices were duly locked in Lynch's desk. Late Monday night Lynch unlocked his desk, and it was discovered that Hinkle had selected 5-1-2-4, the winning combination, which had paid \$1,868.40.

Had Hinkle got down on it? Uh-uh. "By Monday night I had forgotten my picks," he said, "and Lynch wouldn't unlock the desk to let me check them."

NAMU, FAREWELL

Namu died last week in his pen on the Seattle waterfront. The 22-foot killer whale, first of the species to flourish in captivity, was captured when he got entangled in fishermen's nets off British Columbia a year ago (\$1, July 12, 1965 *et seq.*).

On the night of his death, Namu sounded, surfaced with a 25-foot-high leap, then rammed one end of his pen with such force he broke a steel submarine cable. He either fatally injured himself or, becoming fouled in the cables, drowned.

Curiously, Namu could have escaped at any time by leaping out of the pen, but he seemed perfectly accommodated to captivity. Ah, but this was his mating season. His owner, Ted Griffin, who had made many unsuccessful attempts to find a suitable consort for Namu, has not decided whether to try for a replacement. If he does, perhaps he should try for two whales or no whales at all.

THEY SAID IT

- Don Schollander, after four swimming junkets to Europe, three to Japan and one to Brazil: "Travel is broadening—especially when you win."
- Billy Herman, Red Sox manager, on who was the greatest brush-back pitcher of all time: "Freddie Fitzsimmons is my man. He once hit me in the on-deck circle."
- Bill Russell, Boston Celtics player-coach. "I can't really explain why I took the coaching job, except that at least I'll be playing for someone I can get along with."
- Ralph Houk, Yankee manager, asked whether he has kept in touch with Johnny Keane, whom he replaced: "At first we were winning so much it would have been embarrassing to him if I had called to say hello. Now we're going so badly I'm embarrassed."

END

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Sports Illustrated

JULY 16, 1966

SMILING JACK WINS A



ROUGH ONE

Kilt-high grass lined the fairways and the sun baked the greens, but canny Jack Nicklaus persevered to win the 106th British Open **by ALFRED WRIGHT**



When Jack Nicklaus approached the 18th green at Muirfield last Saturday afternoon the largest crowd in Scotland's long golfing history let go a roar of acclaim. Instead of responding like the certain winner he seemed to be, Nicklaus gave the appreciative gallery a tentative wave of the hand and a momentary smile, and then lapsed back into a deep frown of concentration. He had only to two-putt from 22 feet to win the 106th British Open, but the 75-year-old Muirfield course had made its impression. All week long it had seemed to submit to one or another of the game's best players, and then had used its knee-high rough and glass-slick greens to nullify their accomplishments. Cautiously, Nicklaus stroked his first putt to within six inches of the hole. He marked his ball—partly as a courtesy to Phil Rodgers, who punted out, and partly out of real concern about this last shot. When the moment arrived, Nicklaus bent over his minuscule putt, and the only sound to be heard was the far-off atonal argument of sea gulls. He tapped it in, of course, for a two-under-par 282 that defeated Doug Sanders and Dave Thomas by a stroke. Then, and only then, did he let himself believe he had finally won the last major golf title to have eluded him. As the applause soared, his smile grew wider and wider, and he kept raising his arms from his sides, like a sleepy man reluctantly doing his morning exercises. But the fearful concentration that Muirfield had exacted from him was going to take a long time to wear off, for once again an historic British golf course had proved to be an historic test of skill.

A powerful sense of tradition runs through the British blood, and when they are conducted at places like St Andrews or Royal Birkdale or Muirfield their big golf championships be-

continued

With the last putt safely sunk and Muirfield's chief constable ready to escort him off the 18th green, Nicklaus naks his first real grin.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE TAYLOR

come something more than just a competition among the best available players. The settings themselves bespeak tradition and legend, and none more than Muirfield, the playground of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, which is the most venerable society in the annals of this sport that borrows so much of its personality from the past.

The Honourable Company can trace its records back 222 years, when its members were playing on the outskirts of Edinburgh. In 1891 it moved to nearby Muirfield. There the Company, composed of the leading golfers, professional men and landed gentry of the area, set up its imposing clubhouse, in which no lady has ever set foot, held its dinners and arranged its matches.

The 1966 British Open was the 10th to be contested on Muirfield's pastoral acres, and without any conspicuous to-do it summoned up the solemn excitement of a changing of the guards or a passing-by of the Home Fleet. The course itself is such a subtle part of the landscape that it is all but invisible. As you turn off the main highway that runs along the Firth of Forth and head across a bumpy little road there seems to be no more ahead than a waving wheat field. Suddenly one sees the fairways, carved through the high grass, with the perimeter of the course outlined by an old stone wall and long, olive-green rows of prickly boxthorn.

Muirfield is a type of course that has no U.S. counterpart. It is on the short side for championship play—6,887 yards—with two par-5s on the front nine and one on the back, all three of which can be reached comfortably in two shots by the better players if they dare risk a driver off the tee. As with all British championship courses, trees play no part in the game at Muirfield. The hazards are the rough and the deep pot bunkers, some 170 of them, that scar the graceful fairways like shell holes. Severe as these bunkers can be, they were as Elysian fields compared to the rough last week, for to bring Muirfield to full strength the Royal and Ancient decided to let the grass on either side of the fairways grow to full maturity. Thus lovely heads of purple grain waved in all their glory to catch and bury each errant shot. When Mario Gonzalez, the Brazilian golfer, was helping look for a lost ball on Wednesday he muttered to some local journalists who were aiding in the search,



CALDER of CALDER of VINDY BLINDS DOWN BLINDS a



Nicklaus attempts a pitch from the rough, and keeps cool when the ball goes only two feet.

"What rough. They ought to export it with the whisky."

Even with battalions of forecaddies in white butchers' smocks patrolling the long grass, it was often touch-and-go whether a golfer could find his ball. When he did he often wished he hadn't. Julius Boros, a man who is inclined to take things as they come, just shook his head and said, "I don't think this is the way golf is supposed to be played." But there was no alternative, so all seven amateurs and 123 pros in the field had to govern their game accordingly. It was, in short, "The Cautious Open."

It would seem at first glance that Jack Nicklaus, of all the top golfers, might be the least likely to win under these conditions. The presumption is that he owes his success to his power, and here was a course where power was next to worthless. But in truth the strength of Nicklaus is not so much in his muscles as it is in his intelligent and subtle approach to the game and his resistance to adversity. "The way to win here," he said early in the week, "is to use good common sense in the choice of irons." The first show of common sense was his decision to use

them off the tees. Only 17 times in 72 holes did Nicklaus use his driver.

His composure was to be as sorely tried as his intelligence and was even more of a key to his success. It got its first test early when he came into the 18th hole on the first day needing a par 4 to tie for the lead. His drive was just off the fairway, which meant into the hay. The heavy grass caused his second shot to career off line, strike a grandstand to the left of the green and bury itself in trampled grass. Nicklaus reviewed his situation unburiedly, made a wise choice about where to drop when he had to move away from the grandstand and then saved his par with a brilliant wedge shot over a four-foot fence.

On the next day, Thursday, Nicklaus shot a fine 67 to take a one-stroke lead, but by now Muirfield was showing its peculiar nature. Englund's Peter Butler broke the course record with a 65 and Phil Rodgers came in with a 66, both improbable performances under such conditions. Nonetheless, Pat Ward-Thomson, the noted English golf writer, reported in *The Guardian* that Nicklaus had the lead and would never be dislodged.

By the end of nine holes on Friday, Jack was far ahead of the field—as far, you might say, as Arnold Palmer had been ahead of Billy Casper a few weeks before in a different Open. In particular, he was seven strokes up on Phil Rodgers, who was playing with him and had just shot a 40. And then Muirfield, which had been dried out by wind and sun to the point where the greens were hard as terra-cotta, turned on Nicklaus. He quickly went four over par, while Rodgers shot an amazing 30. In nine holes Jack had lost nine strokes and his lead. Yet within the hour he was joking about what had happened to him. Leaning out of his hotel window at Grey Walls, the little inn at the edge of the course where he was staying, Nicklaus spotted Pat Ward-Thomas. "Hey, Pat," he shouted, "what's that you wrote about me not blowing the lead?" Then he laughed the laugh of the untroubled. How Nicklaus can remain so steady in such an enormously competitive business is just another of the wonders of the man. Later that evening he was showing no qualms about his position. "It's somebody else's turn to blow," he said.

On Saturday he quickly seized the lead back from Rodgers and ran it up to two strokes. But up ahead of him things were happening, as both Sanders and Thomas, a strong English pro who is the longest hitter among his countrymen, moved into contention.

Nicklaus still held his two-stroke advantage at 11, where he had a seven-foot putt for a birdie. But from this short distance he three-putted. At the 13th he again three-putted. At the 14th he drove into a bunker for his third bogey in four holes. As he walked up the 15th fairway he was now tied at one under par with Sanders, who was about to finish with 283, and Thomas, who already had.

That was the last chance that Nicklaus gave Muirfield to rattle him. "I decided that I had better start playing golf again," he said later. Two careful pars brought him to the 17th, one of those par-5s that can be reached in two, though nobody can reach it in two the way Nicklaus did. He hit his tee shot with a three-iron to keep it short of where the fairway really narrowed. Then he hit a 238-yard five-iron—that's right, a 238-yard five-iron—to within 15 feet of the hole. He missed his eagle putt but the huddle put him a stroke ahead, and he protected his lead on 18 by hitting every-

thing from his one-iron off the tee to that final six-inch putt with all of the care that Muirfield had proved it deserved.

Jack's victory much pleased the British, who find him boyish and engaging, though there is ever the yearning among them to see an Englishman take the title again—none has in 15 years—and Thomas gave it an excellent try. In the circumstances, the British have come to enjoy the golf of their guests, and this year's foreign invasion of the islands had to go down as the most successful since 1066. Doug Sanders played the steadiest golf of the leaders, with rounds of 71, 70, 72, 70. Gary Player, who described his game as "rubbish," finished in a tie for fourth with two Australians—Kel Nagle and Bruce Oelvin—and Phil Rodgers, who has always received far more notice among British galleries than he ever has at home.

And, of course, there was Arnold Palmer, a major center of attraction wherever he competes. As at San Francisco four weeks earlier, he was playing some of the finest golf of his career, but

he was also digressing into some fearful errors. On Friday he took out his driver, began to attack the course, wind and all, and shot a 69. "I finally got sick of patty-pattying the ball around all those curves and corners," he said. He stayed in contention until the 10th hole on the final day. There he drove into the rough and failed to get out until his fourth hacking swing. The triple bogey 7 ended his tournament, and he finished tied for eighth.

At the presentation ceremonies Saturday afternoon Jack Nicklaus was resplendent. His blond hair blew about, the color of it contrasting handsomely with the blue of his turtleneck jersey. He kissed his wife. He kissed the trophy. From their captain on down the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers smiled its approval of the new champion. And out across the countryside the word of the Firth of Forth had Muirfield's hay waving. They'll probably cut it down this week. When they do they'll find a lot of golf balls. They might even find a golfer. **END**



Phil Rodgers was the leader until this Muirfield hay caught up with him on the final round.

A VERY GOOD HORSE RACE THAT HOOPLA BUILT

The ingenious device of collecting the best trotting horses in the world and pitting them in a championship race should be enough to make the Roosevelt International a rousing success—which is exactly what it was last Saturday night. But no promoter worthy of the name would settle for such an artless gamble, and in the weeks before each international, Roosevelt produces—and newspapers gleefully pick up—the hokiest publicity stunts since Brody went off the bridge. On these pages are a collector's treasure of purest puff proving that Americans have not yet grown too cool for corn. For a further report on races past and present, and the men behind all this wonderful bunk, see the following pages.



First, Pluvien II was kissed by Miss Sweden (left), which got some mention



Indian dancers (who size?) promoted a Mohawk Indian driver.



The Louise (right) gave pet to Krocena, who was loooooose.



In 1959 Frau's Jams (above) ate anchovies and made all the newspapers. Germany's Erdbeiteater (top right) posed with a glass of ale



Ben he got sunstroke (right) which brought more



The Ben Har touch promotional cheer serves at The Forum of the KU Caesar



Gunnar Nordis was Swedish, see as they got him to pose in his Nordic halcos



Harry (the Wig) Levenson (above) made wigs for the horses



Sybil Burton Christopher toasted British at her discotheque

MIDSUMMER FAIRY TALE FOR OLD FOLKS

by PAT RYAN



Publicist Goldstein poses with Pluiver 10.

Between you and me and the lamp-post," confided the promoter of the most razzle-dazzle harness race of them all, "as a horse race this often doesn't amount to much. What you've got to realize is that artichokes can be more interesting than a horse's record." Forget the records. In eight years New York's Roosevelt Raceway has parlayed pumpernickel, a goat, a revolution in Argentina, the Baron Andreas von Beess und Chrostin ("Call me Andy"), the lord's third horse and, of course, artichokes, into a big-time sports event.

What Roosevelt's President Alvin Weil was talking about last week was the \$100,000 International Trot. It is a harness race, and often an exciting one. It certainly was on Saturday night. But what good is a good race if nobody knows about it?

They know now. Since it staged the first race in 1959, Roosevelt has been weaving what it soberly refers to as "The Legend of the International," a sort of midsummer fairy tale for older folks.

The Roosevelt formula began, perhaps by accident, with the crisis every peasant agent dreams of.

There was Jamin, deprived by the U.S. Department of Agriculture of his ration of Normandy artichokes. The French

trotter languished in his stall. The supply of artichokes imported from France with the horse had been impounded and, according to Roosevelt officials, Jamin's temperature had begun to rise.

Veterinarians prescribed other foods, but to no avail. Hourly bulletins reported Jamin's condition. Newspapers began to take notice. *The New York Times* put a man on the artichoke beat.

Meanwhile, Trainer Jean Riad cancelled Jamin's workout because the trotter was too sick. Jack Paar appealed nationally for artichokes. First, a hothouse owner in the Bronx came up with some. But Jamin turned them down (and the man was later turned over to the police when a crop of marijuana was found among his vegetables). Finally, according to the very words in this year's International brochure, "investigators, working in the tradition of Sherlock Holmes, Sam Spade and Hercule Poirot" found the right kind of artichokes in California. Girl scouts harvested the crop and the artichokes were jetted to Jamin, who immediately recovered and went on to win the race.

All this Roosevelt managed with a completely straight face. The track has been hard pressed to keep it straight since. Joey Goldstein, Roosevelt's current publicity boss, did not invent the legend. That man, Nick Grande, has gone on to become a vice-president. Joey did not invent it—he topped it. Goldstein was hurt last week at the mere thought that the public might have gotten the wrong idea about the ill Jamin. "We never said Jamin needed artichokes to survive," he protested. "We simply said the horse liked them."

In 1960 Roosevelt discovered Baron Andreas von Beess und Chrostin, and never mind that Andy had been working as a groom at the Ben White Raceway in Orlando, Fla. just 18 months before. He was a handsome 31-year-old Austrian, a bachelor and the owner of a castle and 1,200 wooded acres. Unfortunately for his image, the Baron showed up at Roosevelt Raceway with a bride. But the Baron's horse, Iton, made amends. He took to eating *Schnulzbeet* (pumpernickel and lard), oranges and grapes, and by race time, according to Roosevelt's announcement, he became ill "be-

cause of a raid on the stable icebox at midnight." The fact was, he had injured a hind leg. Iton did not start. But the crowds came anyway.

A year later a newspaperman touring European harness tracks at Roosevelt's expense came upon a fine mare named Kracovie. Kracovie had a companion called Brigitte, variously described as a St. Cloud mountain sheep, a goat or, as the newspaperman reported, "something like a wallaby." It was said that Kracovie would fret and fume without Brigitte. And, naturally, Brigitte was no more welcome than an artichoke in the eyes of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

When Kracovie flew into Idlewild for the race, a Government official boarded the cargo plane, pistol drawn, to dispatch Brigitte, but Brigitte had been left at home. Kracovie was inconsolable, Roosevelt reported. She refuses to eat and drink, Roosevelt reported. She has lost 70 pounds, Roosevelt reported.

The track received 119 telephone calls offering goats as companions. Thirty-four appointments were made. Finally, out of fatigue or infatuation, Kracovie found a new Brigitte. That Saturday night the French horse finished second to Su Mac Lad, whose claim to fame was more pedestrian—he was the world's leading money-winner.

"Kracovie was hurt by the many calls that were made on her for publicity purposes," said her trainer after the International. "All that business with the goat. She was not at her best."

In 1962 Roosevelt invited Eidelstedter, a West German horse who drank beer. Good for one column, but the best story at that International was Thomas Aikyns, the trotter caught in a revolution on a Buenos Aires street on his way to the airport. A drawbridge went up and the horse missed his plane.

He was hidden away in a hangar, smuggled out of the country, carted all over South America and, 6,000 miles later, arrived in Miami to, literally, collapse under a palm tree. Thomas Aikyns got to Roosevelt the day before the International but did not race in it.

The 1962 winner was Canada's Tac Silk, and he defended his title in 1963. It was his fourth win in the International.

What could be new about Tie Silk? "His driver," said Joey Goldstein. "That's what's new." The driver was Frank Baise, a 30-year-old Mohawk Indian who eight years before had driven his first trotter on a U.S. track and had been driving here and there ever since. Joey figured most New Yorkers had not seen an Indian since the Wappingers sold Manhattan, so the International went Indian. Princess Kahmineta-Horn led 75 dancing Mohawks down Broadway to Rockefeller Center, where they beseeched Gitchi Manito to scatter the rain clouds. Fair weather was needed, you see, because Tie Silk never raced well on a wet track. Sad to relate, he did not race very well on a dry track either, at least not that time.

Last year the theme was Roman and the excitement was British. Roosevelt introduced the foreign horsemen to the press at a lavish brunch at The Forum of the XII Caesars and, to vary the routine a little, had two of the guests arrive by chariot. "The first harness drivers were the charioters," explained Joey Goldstein, feeding the press grapes and things.

Among the invitees to this International was real, live British nobility, namely Lieutenant Colonel Geoffrey Alexander Rowley-Conway, O.B.E., the ninth Baron Langford and a 53-year-old master of Bodryddan Hall at Rhuddlan in Flintshire, north Wales. Although Lord Langford has a proper castle, which he describes as "a bloody ruin," he did not have a horse.

"After I was invited," he recalls, "both my horses were laid up. I told Roosevelt I couldn't take the trip. They said, 'Look here, we're all jacked up for you now, and you've got to get a horse somehow.' So a friend got poor old Hans B for me. He was the top trotter in Wales, not bad class and had won some races in the spring. But, let's face it, he wasn't up to standard." "We wanted that lord," says Joey. Hans B finished last, 25 lengths back. The American press didn't care. One writer referred to poor Hans B as "the lord's third horse."

Each July the previous year's International is getting to be a tougher act to top, but last week Roosevelt managed, even though things began ominously. There was a New Zealand trotter of distinction named Field Chief. Goldstein decided to stage a "Commonwealth

Championship" in Britain, with the purse to be provided by Roosevelt. Since Hans B. had beaten what competition there was in England, Scotland and Wales, the event would be a walkaway for Field Chief, who would then come to the International with a title.

Poor Field Chief spent three weeks in an Auckland warehouse until his freighter had taken on enough cargo for the trip, another five weeks at sea and one week more in an English harbor because of a seamen's strike. Roosevelt reported that only an appeal to Queen Elizabeth, who, everybody knows, loves horses, got Field Chief off the boat. But then, à la Thomas Atkyns in 1962, the horse staggered onto land and collapsed. ("You see," said Joey, "the horse fell down and kissed the ground") and the Commonwealth Championship had to be postponed. "I overdo myself on that one," Joey says.

In the meantime, Roosevelt decided that 1966 should be the year of the Vikings, in honor of Pluvier III, the Swedish horse that had won in 1965. Invitations to a brunch reading, "*Kare Tasson, Vi vill ha en ny hunda Er till...*" were mailed from Stockholm to New York's press corps. Only the vital words, "The Four Seasons, 99 East 52nd Street, New York, New York" were in English. This restaurant, which cost more than any in the world to design and equip (\$4.5 million), is decorated with Chagall and Picasso tapestries. Its foliage changes with the seasons. It is the place Sharmar

Douglas picked to throw a farewell bash for Princess Margaret last fall. "I'm very glad to be able to finally get to this restaurant," said Roosevelt President Weil as a staff of 29 began serving the 110 members of the press.

At the end of the brunch post positions for the International were drawn, not from the traditional hat but, instead, from a Viking's helmet. Gunnar Nordin, the driver of Pluvier, modeled it. Gunnar is very obliging. In 1965 when he won the International he jumped into a swimming pool at his motel, clothes, flowers, trophy and all. It made a splendid picture.

This year Gunnar gave Goldstein an idea. His horse, although the defending champion, had a lackluster record coming up to the race. "He only seems to do well at home," explained Gunnar, "I guess he misses the diesel." "What diesel?" said Joey, brightening. "The trains that run by his stable in Sundsvall," replied the driver.

Joey immediately dispatched a cable to a Swedish newspaperman. He needed the timetable of the trains. He sent someone else to Sam Goody's on West 49th Street to buy stereophonic tapes of diesels for Pluvier. Meanwhile he found that Italy's Carmelo was stabled near a drag track, so he decided stereophonic sports cars might please the bay stallion. Norway's Mercone is trained near Oslo's harbor. "Pick up a tape of harbor sounds," Joey said.

continued on page 64



Canada's Ambro Flight, pulling sulky with plastic wheel protectors, beat Roguesone by a neck.

A WORKING WAGE FOR AMATEURS

The six members of the U.S. Davis Cup team now receive regular annual salaries of \$7,000 to \$9,000—not bad, even if the scale falls to equal what they could be making on their own by **BUD COLLINS**



It is not a secret—but then it hasn't been written in the sky either—that the United States Lawn Tennis Association is now paying the six members of the Davis Cup team annual salaries of between \$7,000 and \$9,000 each. Pretty good for an amateur tennis player, no? No. Some of the players feel they are being shortchanged, that they could probably make more money hawking their services on the open market. And the truth is, they probably could. Thus a storm is brewing in amateur tennis—those who believe in a set salary for Davis Cup players against those who believe in free enterprise, and right in the middle of that storm is George MacCall, the captain of the team.

It was MacCall, a 47-year-old Los

Angeles insurance man, who convinced USLTA officials that his players should be paid on a year-round basis whether they are playing in tournaments or not, and it is MacCall who does out the money—to Dennis Ralston, Arthur Ashe, Charlie Pasarell, Marty Riessen, Cliff Richey and Clark Graebner. The salaries will continue as long as the cup campaign lasts, hopefully through December and the Challenge Round against Australia.

All this is quite legal. Amateur tennis rules allow a country to support its Davis Cup team while it is in training, but in the past that training period was never longer than several weeks. When the U.S. team was beaten by Spain last August in Barcelona, MacCall was unwilling to dishand.

"A player has to live, whether or not he's competing," argues MacCall. "When a boy makes the team we want him to be able to concentrate on tennis and not be pressed financially. If he's in school we still want him to be part of the unit and to train as hard as his studies will permit, playing occasional tourna-

ments. He can do this if he continues to get expenses."

Expenses can mean as much as \$196 a week plus transportation. Under present rules an amateur player may receive \$28 a day for a tournament in this country, out of which he is supposed to pay all his upkeep. Where living costs are lower, outside the U.S., the amount okayed by the International Lawn Tennis Federation is a maximum of \$20 per day. MacCall pays his players on this scale, though he is flexible. Should a tournament offer "hospitality"—room and board—expense cash goes down commensurately. When school or other obligations prevent a player from being with the team, or there are no tournaments scheduled, he still receives a tidy \$20 a day.

MacCall's guaranteed annual wage is a realistic attempt to do away with that table under which monetary blessings flow and to relieve the players from the strain of hustling for their keep. Some of the players, however, would prefer to hustle. On their own, the top amateur names can command as much as \$1,000 a tournament. When you read in the paper that a player of the caliber of Roy Emerson is playing tennis in Beirut during August, you know he is getting Park Avenue "expenses."

This sort of thing does not make MacCall happy. "Maybe I'm old-fashioned," he says, "but I don't believe anybody should make money out of amateur tennis. I think we can stay with the rules and still maintain a team that can train properly and win. That's one reason I decided to handle all the finances all the time—to eliminate the abuses. A player trying to get more than the legal expenses should turn pro."

"Another reason," says MacCall, "is to reinforce the team concept. Everybody gets an equal share. And still a third reason is to give our boys opportunities equal to their opposition. The other top nations see to it that their teams have no financial worries. They have an edge because their players are not involved in schooling and are free to play all the tournaments."

MacCall does all the negotiating for his players. He determines how much money a particular tournament can afford to pay, collects the money and writes the checks. He says there are a few exceptions but that most players don't like to haggle with tournament officials.

MacCall's system removes the player from bargaining sessions.

Charlie Pasarell, the national indoor champion and a senior at UCLA, agrees. "Some guys can make better deals traveling on their own but, generally speaking, I like it this way. It takes away the pressure of having to be great every week, which is impossible. If you're losing, your value goes down and they offer you less. But with George handling things you always get the same. You can concentrate on your tennis game and forget about money."

Arthur Ashe agrees, with qualifications. "This team idea has pulled us together and has made us better prepared than a lot of people think. I'm not sure George's plan is perfect—he may have too much control—but I think he should be given a chance."

The chairman of a prominent eastern tournament welcomes the MacCall approach. "Discussing money matters with the kids is very disagreeable," he says. "I come out of it thinking they're holdup men, and they regard me as an ogre. It will be nice to do it in a proper package with George. Of course, that only covers his six men."

A salary of \$9,000 a year for playing amateur tennis may sound comfortable, if not luxurious, but several of the cup players disagree. They wonder why the USLTA is so concerned with setting strict limitations on expenses—\$28 a day—while at the same time ignoring arrangements under which Emerson and Fred Stolle were paid \$500 a week by tournament promoters to play the 1965 American summer circuit. And why was Manuel Santana given a similar amount to play at Forest Hills?

"When the clamping down is done," says one former U.S. cup player, "it is always on us. We live simon-pure at our own tournaments, even get shortchanged a little in the name of amateurism, while the foreign players come in and grab the big money."

MacCall concedes that his fiscal supervision is not altogether popular with his team. "They see what the others are getting, and they want the same," he says. "But as long as the rules are there, I respect them. I was given the job of trying to get the cup back, and I'm doing it in the most organized way I know, within the rules. Let's wait till the end of the year and see what we have accomplished."

END



RIDING THE WAVE OF THE



EAST COAST'S SURFING BOOM

Californian Phil Edwards, the world's best on a board, celebrates the sport's startling surge along the Atlantic beaches
by BOB OTTUM

Surfers are neat. Surfers are also cool, nerdy, graceful, clear-eyed, four-square, uniformly lovely, thrifty, brave, reverent, kind and only slightly crazy. Try to fix these labels in your mind immediately, because the last time you may have noticed surfers were a pretty scruffy lot. Most of that has changed. Five weeks ago, at a California surfing awards ceremony, they came in tuxedos and evening gowns. The new image has fallen upon them. Would you want your sister to marry one? May we see your sister first, please?

More than that, the next thing you know, surfing may become an Olympic event. If it does, it will come complete with red-white-and-blue surfboards, and there will be a great deal of patriotic parading about on the beaches and perhaps a few choruses of *Give My Regards to Edwards*, because Phil Edwards (*see cover*) is largely responsible for giving the sport its Jack Armstrong look.

Having fought its way out of the sociological swamps, the sport is now on a phenomenal surge across the U.S. Or, more correctly, all around the edges of the U.S., wherever the water is bumpy enough and in a lot of spots where there is barely a ripple. There are, as you read this, uncounted thousands of people standing on grounded surfboards with ripples lapping up around their ankles—looking rapturous. Surfing is a thing now. It is here.

The West Coast, where Edwards became famous, arrived years ago. California now has so many surfers that the people who make surfing movies shoot them at other locations just to get an uncluttered background. (Real surfers, surprisingly, sometimes appear in these movies. Edwards has been James Darren on the faraway shots, a trick that makes the In crowd hoot with laughter. In their bad old days the In crowd also tore up a drive-in movie or two.)

Along the scalloped coastline between Point Conception and the Baja peninsula, surfers ride board-to-board, a sunburned army in droopy drawers. *Surfing Guide to Southern California* estimates 285 surfing sites on the Coast, a figure that will dismay a lot of residents because many of the locations face private beaches.

Nonetheless, with all this, an even more surprising scene is taking place in the East. While most people were looking the other way, surfing has become perhaps the fastest-growing sport along the more than 1,500 miles of eastern seacoast and inlets. There are more than 50,000 eastern surfers, by ragged estimate, and Lord knows how many more who

continued

Slicing down the front of a wave at Virginia Beach in the classic stance, Edwards is the embodiment of surfing's unique excitement



carry surfboards atop their cars as prestige props. These boards cost on the average \$150 each. This fact is important, for the one sure path to status in this country is for a sport to become an Economic Factor.

"You must understand from the start that eastern surf is not all that good," says Bob Holland, co-proprietor with Pete Smith of the Smith and Holland Surf Shop in Virginia Beach, Va. "The continental shelf inhibits the wave. But our waves run about three feet through the year. They are fun to ride, great for hot-dogging—that is, performing tricks—and the East with its population centers is generating the enthusiasm." Both Smith and Holland are enthusiastic. They run their shop wearing shorts and breakaway sneakers, and when the surf is up they will march right out and reopen later when the water calms down.

"The East Coast may be the greatest training ground for future surfers," says Smith. "If they learn to ride well here, they are ready for Hawaii."

But preparing for Hawaii has become so much fun that not everybody will want to go. After Virginia Beach, which surfers consider one of the best in the East, there are other spots with eastern characteristics all their own, from Cocoa Beach, Fla. to Portland, Me.

At Virginia Beach, on a perfect day, the surfing zone is packed with little people just this side of puberty. Half of them are in the water by the Steel Pier, straddling their boards, waiting for the best waves to come curling in; the other half are standing in struck poses on the beach with boards under their arms, waiting for an opening. There are more than 2,000 boards in town on weekdays, and weekends bring many more.

Such crowds drive the lifeguards wild. "Someone is always getting zonked with a board," says one of them. "I have become the world's greatest head-patcher." From about 50 feet out on the water looking in, one has the scary sensation of getting ready to surf down the main stairway of Grand Central station into the 515 rush-hour crowd.

The reason for this jam-up is not that Virginia's surf breaks best down by the pier. It is that the rest of the beach is restricted to bathers, and the surfers are crammed into a 500-foot area—a typical eastern syndrome. But eastern surfers are getting more room all along the coastline.

In Miami, where the water does not exactly come thundering in, "the kids are crazy for surfing," says Joe Marcel, a partner in Surfboard House, Inc. "I've seen them go out and ride a wave for about two or three feet. That's it. Then they ride again. We started here about two years ago in a little shack. Now we've got this place and a factory in Hialeah that makes our own boards. Four years ago there weren't four surfboards in Florida. Now we've got maybe 7,000 surfers, and 2,500 have their own boards. The rest rent them [at \$1.50 an hour or \$5.00 a day]. We've got three surfing beaches here now. One day this area had 31 boards stolen."

Not long ago in Miami, Disc Jockey Roby Yonge, who calls himself The Big Kahuna, ran a test by calling all surfers to rally at South Beach. More than 17,000 showed up. It was a wonderful mess.

Up north, station WKFD in Narragansett, R.I. calls itself "the summertime surfing station" and a surfing meet at Matunuck Beach in April drew 20,000 spectators. It was no fluke. Another 15,000 came on a cold, drizzling June 19 to watch the second annual New England championships at the beach.

Newport, R.I., which is understandably edgy about teenagers, who have long regarded the town as Orvilleville, also is gradually yielding to the new breed of surfers. State Recreation Inspector Roger Wheeler says, "Rhode Island will become the surfing center of the East Coast"—and he means it.

Farther down the line, Gilgo Beach on the South Shore of Long Island collects \$1 per carload of surfers, and the new crowds have returned Babylon Township to the map after years of near obscurity. More than 4,000 surfers hit Gilgo Beach each weekend day. On the Jersey shores, most beaches are free to surfers—and surfing pioneer Les Reintman sells more than 100 boards a week in his three shops in Belmar, Ocean City and Sea Bright. In the 30 miles between Ocean City, Md. and Rehoboth Beach, Del. there are more than 2,500 surfers. At Kitty Hawk, N.C., not too long ago 20-year-old Tommie Truelove married Linda Jo Anne Poole, 19, in a surfing ceremony. He wore a blue T shirt with a competition stripe, and after the solemn rites the bridal couple strode back across the beach under an arch of crossed surfboards.

In the deep South, Florida's Cocoa Beach gets the most action, with an estimated 6,000 surfers scattered across the nine special zones along the 70-mile waterfront. Paul Jarrett, who owns the Canaveral Pier, says Brevard County surf shops sold 3,000 boards last year, will double that figure in 1966. So will every other eastern dealer. Smith and Holland, which sold 200 boards upon opening two years ago, already has sold 150 this year and may triple its business.

But why surfing? The reasons for the eastern boom would drive a market analyst wild. Forget analysis. "It isn't the waves," says Edwards. "Waves can't be the god of the sport. It is getting out in it that counts in the East."

And there is perhaps a better reason. Surfing has boomed because it is the quickest-stoking sport ever. While it often takes several lessons and some cold practice before one can learn to enjoy skinning the first ride standing up on a surfboard—no matter how sloppily—is a wild, winging sensation. Sliding along the front of a wave evokes a feeling of rising from the sea to conquer the world. The water is alive with sparkle, and the surfboard makes a hissing sound like a thousand yards of tearing silk. The board cuts along at about 15 or 20 miles an hour, but the holl of the water makes it feel like 180.

People surf for two reasons, says Edwards, who is reflective about his sport. "When it started on the Coast not too many years ago, it was a form of rebellion. You see, people spend too much of their time today being spoonfed by organized society. Culture is injected. We get plugged into civilization whether or not we like it. Get on an air-finer and they plug you in to a movie, so that you can't escape even at 30,000 feet.

"Kids in particular rebel against that sort of thing. They want something all their own. Sure, surfing was born of rebellion, and there was a certain amount of freestyle beer drinking and beach wrecking when it all caught on. You must remember that all kids are hell-raisers to a certain extent. But in surfing—as in anything else—talent will inevitably rise to the top. Now all the hell-raisers have abandoned the sport. A lot of them are stoked on motorcycle riding right now—and that sport is having trouble with its image. The new tendency in surfing is to calm down and

continued

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surf. Surfers have now become citizens."

The other reason, according to Edwards, is that the mystique of surfing is a real generation-grabber. "There is an ultimate moment in surfing," he says. "It is the part the kids call the neat. It is being locked in on the curl of a wave. When you're shooting the curl you're full of life and you're full of whip and snap. The whole thing lasts only a few seconds, and it takes tremendous training to work up to it. It takes training and muscles you never heard of. Sometimes it will only happen to you once in a season. Ah, but that once!"

"There is a moment when that big, hollow, motherless wave comes crashing down behind you, and it vibrates the whole ocean, and you think to yourself, 'I am, at this exact moment, bored in on life. Now I'm there.' And you come out of it alive, and you're so stoked you can't stand it."

Consider the Banzai Pipeline—Edwards named it, because he is believed to be the first man to have ridden it, in 1961—a swirling tube of crashing wave on the north side of Oahu. In the summer months, when Hawaii is fed Southern Hemisphere swells, the water he like a lake off Banzai Beach. But in the winter, storms from the north pump up mountainous seas that roll along unobstructed until they hit Hawaii, and then the Banzai surf comes hammering in with waves up to 30 feet.

"The Hawaiians were too smart to surf it," says Edwards, "because they had all skin-dived out there in the summer and had discovered that the bottom shoaled up suddenly with jagged coral too close to the surface. Anyone who fell off a board in the wrong place there could get hacked into little pieces by the grinding wave. I sat there on the beach and watched it for several days."

"The waves were about 15 feet high, and they formed a straight up-and-down wall. The tops came crashing over and formed a perfect curl. Beautiful. The teaser in all this is in looking up at a wave like that and knowing that if you're cool you'll get a hell of a ride. When you're ready to catch one of those mothers, you have to do a lot of things at once. Line up with something on the beach where you've plotted your course to miss the reefs. You can't be as little as three feet off. Then you go. Your instinct is to turn high on the wave because it drops steeply, like the side of a

building, and you want to get off it. But you have to fight back the instinct and ride it straight down before you turn with it. Otherwise it will eat you up."

"Only the edge of your board is dug into the water at this moment, and if you lose your edge you fall off the world. The wave will come crashing down on you and pin you into the coral. But what the hell. It is 50% ability and 50% positioning anyhow. So I shoved off. I was so stoked you wouldn't believe it."

"I have never told anyone the rest of this. But when I got to the bottom, I cut back, rode the wave back up and got inside the curl and it closed completely around me. I was completely dry inside there. My God, you could have driven a truck through it!"

"It was all light green and crystal and shining. Like a cathedral. It was everything, all at once. Back to the womb. At one point I actually put my shoulders against that inner wall of water and leaned on it. It held me up. Wild! And then the wave suddenly began to collapse behind me. It came like an explosion, and the whole ocean shook. I felt a surge of water come squirting through between my arms and then between my legs, and then the wave just sort of spit me out the other end. I was out of it safe. I was so jazzed I just went limp—blaaaah—and fell off my board."

"By the time I got to the car I looked back at the Pipeline and there were already three guys out there, ready to try it."

That sort of ride—the big stoker—is behind Edwards now. He has become, at 28, the Mamelote of the sport, the image, the final style-setter for the thousands who watch him at work on a board. "Phil Edwards is so great," says George Fisher of Gilgo Beach, "that he could ride in with a paper bag over his head and you would know instantly who it was."

Yet they all laughed when Edwards first sat down to play. For one thing, he began surfing in 1948 with a 90-pound mahogany board—he weighed only 98 pounds himself—rolling it over and over across the Oceanview Beach to get it into the water. "I would surf every day before school," he says, "and rush to my homeroom late and soaking wet. Everybody thought I was nuts. No football. No basketball. Just surfing. Then I began to take Wednesdays off from school

to surf, because it broke up my week."

By the time the sport finally caught on, Edwards had already arrived. During 1953, in a debut at Dana Point, Calif., he went out on 13-foot waves that spooked older surfers and brought crowds of spectators to the beach as he cut nonchalantly back and forth in a style that was to set the pattern. It was the start of an era. When *Surfer Magazine* polled thousands of readers to select the world's best, Edwards won by a mile.

Now that he is history's youngest Big Daddy of an established sport, Edwards exercises the touch of artist that seethes within him as the chief designer for Hobie Surfboards, Inc. Hobie produces 6,000 custom surfboards a year, the Cadillacs of the surfing world. And for absolute purists, Hobie turns out Phil Edwards signature models—which the company figures makes Edwards a sort of watery Arnold Palmer.

Hobie Alter, who began all this by building a board in his garage in 1950, points to his production direction as one key to the East Coast boom. "Now 70% of our boards go to the East Coast shops," he says. "Smith and Holland, our biggest individual eastern dealer, Reitman's Manatee Sea shops in Jersey and Emilio's shops on Long Island all outsell our Hawaiian outlet."

A few weeks ago in Virginia Beach—surrounded by knots of kids who were telling each other, "Know who that is? That's Phil Edwards, that's who it is!"—Edwards conducted a quick instructional on how to get prestoked, fully pumped and really jazzed on East Coast surf (following pages). The Virginia Beach season runs from mid-March through November, although the later weeks of it tend to be blue-knee-and-knuckle weather. But East Coast surf, when it is running, "can be more fun than anywhere else," says Edwards, who may have a future in the diplomatic corps when he hangs up his board.

"I have been called the best surfer in the world," Edwards said recently, "but I don't know. I think maybe the best surfer in the world right now is some little kid whose name nobody knows—maybe nobody will ever know his name—who is riding out there by himself. Locked in some curl somewhere, having the ride of his young life. He knows how it feels, and I know how it feels. It is being unplugged from life for just a second. God, it's the neatest thing."

CONTINUED

EDWARDS ON SURFING: HOW TO GET LOCKED IN ON LIFE

This is not surfing made easy—nothing makes surfing easy. But the rewards of wave riding to Phil Edwards and anyone who makes the trouble to learn, make it worth all the effort. For paddling out, Edwards demonstrates the two styles in photographs 1 and 2. In either position, weight must be slightly off to control the board—note how the nose clears the wave. Catching the wave (3) is the trickiest part. Edwards shoes slightly forward, paddles furiously ahead of the surf until the back of the board cuts up. "Now," he says, "you are not being pushed along by the wave, as many think. Instead, you are actually sliding down the brk." The next step is crucial:



Standing up on a surfboard can be a slippery business, but surfers apply a heavy coating of paraffin across the deck for traction. Edwards rides the front shoulder of the wave, then quickly rises (4) and pulls his feet under him. The idea, he says, is to stand centered—legs apart and flexed. Surfing's classic stance is a crouch (5); one shoulder forward. Either foot forward will do, although surfers say the left foot is proper, call the right the "goofy" toe. Moving about on the board (6), Edwards is trimming it to pick up more ride. Simple physics applies here: standing toward the front will get more wave under the back, side stances will make the board turn. Hanging ten—riding with one's toes over the bow—is considered hot surfing stuff but is nothing for a starting surfer to try. At this point, it is fun—not fun—that counts. The stylish touches will come later.

After several rides, the average starter is ready to carve out turns. Edwards leans strongly right (7), placing his weight on the rear leg. The design of the board, plus its skeg (fin) will take care of the rest. But all this is strictly preliminary to shaking the curl (8), a maneuver considered the absolute end by surfers. Riding close up alongside the wave, Edwards bends over and thrusts his head into it. "It gives you," he says, "a feeling of being locked in on life." Carving along on the Reef Coast can be exhilarating, although the waves are seldom big enough—as they are in Hawaii—to completely envelope the surfer. But the effect is still strange, like shaking through a waterfist. Finally, most riders finish with a floater—leaving back in a kick-out (9) as the wave diminishes. It saves that long paddle back out there.





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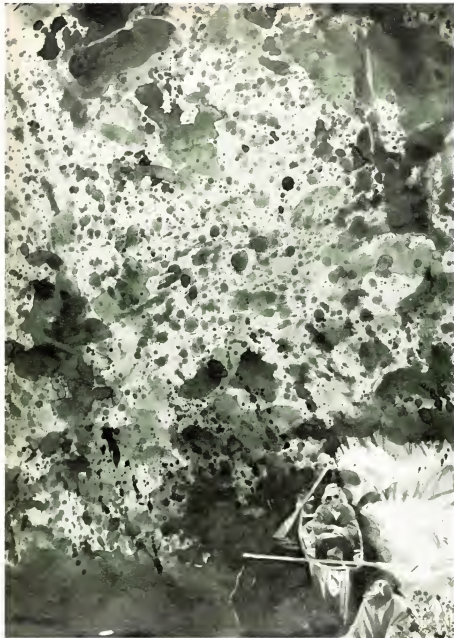
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SCARED OF BEARS AND SCARED OF BEING SCARED

After a week in the Canadian wilderness, 12 teen-age girls begin to shape up as reliable woodswomen ready—almost!—to face another week and the test of three difficult days alone without shelter or food

by BARBARA LA FONTAINE

Remember how every day we thought we were going to die back in camp? And we didn't? It got better?" Polly Hill would say when the going was especially rough on the long trip the Outward Bound girls were taking in the Quetico-Superior wilderness. She always spoke with a gentle, unconvinced optimism—as if she didn't believe it herself but knew that it was only mannerly to try to be cheerful. This was good of Polly: she was looking forward perhaps as little as any of us there to the approaching three days of solitary survival in these woods without food, tent, sleeping bag or toothbrush.

Polly was a comfort during the long afternoons when, for hours, the principal excitement was paddling on the other side of the canoe. She would talk to us about Venice and school in Belgium and Chenonceaux in France, she mused aloud, but essentially to herself, in a sweet, high child's voice. "Isn't it funny," she would say, "how old everybody's getting! [Pause.] You wonder what your last name is going to be [Pause.] You might be going to get

married to a cripple or something, or someone who was dying. I don't think I will, though. [Pause.] Are you happy? I haven't been happy since I've been here, except once I was, after the competition, when we were all drinking cocoa. Of course, I know we aren't supposed to be happy. [Pause.] My feet are all shrinking."

My feet were all shrinking, too. It had been raining again and, besides, we had all got the idea by now that there was no keeping dry, and we stopped briskly into the water at all the portages. The flower of American girlhood, brought up on, "Get out of those wet clothes!" had learned a marvelous new truth on this trip. When soaked to the skin, keep all that wet stuff on, and with body heat, a fire and any luck at all you may be dry by the time you have to try to sleep on the ground. As Lynn Cox pointed out, if you rush to change into what dry things you have, the rain may begin again and everything you have will be wet—and half of it will have to be packed that way.

Still, what with wading at the por-

tages, getting out to travel the canoes over beaver dams—and the rain—I had been damp from the knees down for so long that I had a sort of diaper rash, or jungle rot, or perhaps mildew, all over my knees and calves. It was a comfort when the sun came out and we could air our sleeping bags and ourselves and wash our clothes on a rock with some hope that, spread on the canoes in the sun, they might dry.

We traveled half a day to Lake Robinson and stopped early to dry out. For the first time we finished supper before sunset and were not scrubbing pots in the dark with flashlights held in our teeth—a position in which one is singularly defenseless against mosquitoes. But it only meant that before bed everybody was hungry again.

"I'm not just munchy, I'm hangry," somebody said, and the girls dug out the reflecting oven and made a cake and sat around the fire poking it to see if it was done. Conversation was desultory and not very woody.

"I don't really miss anybody, but I do miss my dog," Betty said.

continued

RELAXING IN THE SHADE after a long, muddy portage, the hot and weary Outward Bound girls pause briefly by the shore before paddling deeper into the Quetico-Superior wilderness area.

Polly asked, of nobody in particular, "Don't you just love birthday cake? It always tastes so good, even if it's just regular cake—you pull the candles out and lick the icing off—"

Genie Mitchell appeared out of the darkness. "You guys, somebody has got to have those socks. Somebody is holding out!"

The moon rose, and one canoe, in the silver track, suddenly gleamed out on the dark water. Betty was enchanted. "Oh, look how pretty—how pretty it looks out there!"

"Just think," Maxine said. "You could take your honeymoon on the moon."

"Oh, ishy," Polly said.

"I swear I'm never going to the moon," Sandy agreed.

Polly said, "I hate the moon."

"What do you mean, 'I hate the moon'?" Max was indignant.

"The moon is for looking at. It isn't for going to."

"I want to go," Max said stubbornly. "Just like my father took the first flight from Minneapolis to Chicago."

They sat in front of the fire. Sandy rested her head on her arms, her arms on her knees, and began singing softly and very privately to her stomach. Polly had to bend so close to the fire that her bright hair fell over her notebook; she was writing down all the boys' names

she could think of that she liked at all—we had all offered every distinguished-sounding name that we could remember or invent.

"How does the cake feel?"

The cake never got done. The girls ate it wet.

We spent one night on Wicksteed, a desolate, eerie lake where the trees were dead or what looked like a blight, and "Wicksteed" began to ring in our ears like "Manderley." We had divided up. The girls camped in separate groups of five, and Instructors Lynn and Gini and I were together. We all found everything easier in small groups, and relations with the wilderness were more cordial—13 is an invading army.

We were on a tiny island about half the size of a football field and, while it had some trees and undergrowth, the whole island was one solid rock. Lynn and Gini paddled off at twilight to take the first-aid kit to the girls and left me to cook supper. I set the beans to boil and put on water for coffee in our blackened tin can and sat in the dusk listening to the loons. The edges of the island gleamed with mica; I pried off great soft chunks with my knife and amused myself by flaking it into innumerable sheets. Camping on that knobby rock was like being tiny and living on

a specimen in the American Museum of Natural History.

Later on we were to night-paddle Brent Lake, so we spent the afternoon beforehand sleeping in the sun. We had a large, peculiar lunch, culminating in a thing called the "MOBS can" (MOBS for Minnesota Outward Bound School), which proved to hold a mixture of Wheat Chex, chocolate M&M's, raisins and peanuts. As somebody said, it looked like what's left in the bottom of the bag at Halloween. There was much complex barter, everyone picking out the peanuts or the raisins or the chocolate to trade for the chocolate or the raisins or the peanuts. Half asleep, I heard one of the girls inquire, "Does anybody want the inside of a big bar?" I wondered what she got for it, but I had just swum back from hiking on a rock out in the lake, and I fell asleep before I could find out.

After supper we waited for the moon to rise, and I sat on one of the pocks and recorded some more of our Thoreau-like conversation.

Sandy: My kidneys are about shot.

Genie: I have pretty good ones. I've noticed that about me.

Sandy: I wish I had high cheekbones.

Betty: What's so low about your cheekbones?

Genie: Oh, she's got saggy cheekbones.

Pat: My mother has neat cheekbones.

Gini: So does my mother. If I'm remembering the right woman, she has neat cheekbones. Darcy (*casually, to Darcy, who was doing sit-ups*), you're going to throw up.

The moon rose, and so did the wind. The girls were sitting around the fire, singing—not the rock 'n' roll they had traded on the shakedown cruise during the early days of training. Rock 'n' roll, quivered in them, doubtful voices without accompaniment, echo chambers or the rock 'n' roll singers' peculiar competence, sounds pathetic and queer, and rather unpleasant in the woods. The old rounds and some plain and pretty songs rose sweet and more appropriate in the wilderness.

When it seemed to be late enough we put in the canoes and left. The wind was driving clouds across the face of the moon, which would disappear entirely only to reappear in a caldron of cloud that, moonlit, made one think solemnly of the darkness upon the face of the

Continued



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1 oz. Creme de Menthe, Sloe Gin, 40 proof, Creme de Cacao, 14 proof, Blackberry Flavored Brandy, Cherry Flavored Brandy, 70 proof. Distilled London Dry Gin 80 proof. Distilled from grain. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc. PO Box 11000

HIRAM WALKER CORDIALS

A RAINBOW OF 21 DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS

earth and the first primeval light. However, by the time Brent Lake opened before us into a wide, moonlit plain, the girls had stopped their quiet singing, had stopped feeling awestruck and, in fact, had to be told to stop making duck noises and moose calls. We rafted up in the middle of the lake in the moonlight and ate raisins, and then made camp in the dark at the other end of Brent.

We had one more bad storm. Darcy woke the girls in her tent and told them to put on their tennis shoes, and Polly in another tent wept in her sleep at the thunder. By now everybody's nerves were tightening at the thought of three days of (hopefully) survival alone in the woods. We were to go off the next day, with our four matches, some fish-hooks and line, a tin can and some Band-aids and antiseptic cream. No tents, sleeping bags, mosquito repellent, flashlights, soap, toothbrushes. No food. Lynn told us patiently that bears were not going to care about us, since we would have no food but, of course, that didn't help anyone who was afraid of being hungry.

"Actually," somebody said, "you can't die in three days."

"Is that a fact?"

"I'm not scared of being hungry," Darcy said. "I'm scared of being scared."

Two of the girls had a squabble over the ax; Sandy commented mildly, "Splash, splash, splash!" and Polly said pacifically, "Just think, after three days everybody will be so happy to see everybody else again." Gene said that she doubted it.

A little later on two Outward Bound boys came by, bringing us supplies, and Polly asked them hesitantly, "Did the boys get through their solo all right? I mean, did any of them get awfully lonesome or anything?"

The boys reassured her.

"Did they—did they—I mean, did they find themselves? I mean, I was just wondering if it really did any good." After they left, she said, uncomfortable, "Oh, the boys. They always sweat over something, and then they say how easy it is."

And that's how we were feeling about the solo.

Three days entirely alone in the woods is an unfamiliar business for the average American. Without even a blanket it



A NEW SKILL IS PUT TO USE: ONE OF THE GIRLS ATTACKS THE EVENING KIDDLING

promises to be at best uncomfortable, and for children whose sleeping-out experience may consist of half a night in the backyard, equipped with a friend and within comfortable view of the house, it is frequently frightening. Some of the Outward Bound boys, unable to take the night and the solitude, have had to be brought in, and perfectly stalwart young men have found themselves spending a whole night clinging, in tears, to a tree. Solitude in our society is hard to come by if you want it and an extreme punishment if you don't,

with the result that we are not very good at it.

I was not, like Darcy, seared of being seared, but being an urban mut, who wouldn't get on the crosstown bus without something to read, I was certainly seared of boring myself to death. And with reason. Lynn deposited us on our respective bits of wilderness the next day and left us, towing our canoes behind her. My notes begin:

"This time I have been efficient. I have made a bed and a shelter, set out my fishline, made a fireplace, collected

continued

wood and hunted for berries. Thus I have nothing to do for two and a half days. I am sitting on the ground, reduced to my own intellectual resources, and it is just as I have always suspected, there hardly are any. I shall have to tame an ant, or whistle."

As that day wore on, I found myself in a frenzy of boredom. I took a walk, but it shortly seemed to be a pointless struggle with the underbrush. I checked my fishline every three minutes. I did try to whistle. By the time I got around to cutting both my thumbs—one of them rather badly—while trying to pry the eyes out of my sneaker to weight my fishline, it was almost worth it to have the briefly absorbing task of stanching the blood. As soon as it turned somewhat dark, I settled down and tried to sleep but, of course, all the usual anti-sleep factors were operative—the cold and the lumps and the bugs—and the night lasted and turned into a sort of hallucinatory peregrination around the forest floor, on all fours, in search of any hospitable nook. I slept only after the morning sun had begun to break that deadly cold.

I wasn't hungry. In camp and on the trail I had been automatically ravenous an hour before mealtime, but with no meal in view my stomach left me alone. I was very perceptibly weaker late on the second day, though, and conscious of it because of a habit that seems to develop in the wilderness of gauging one's own strength objectively, as if it were gasoline in a tank; still, I did not feel hungry.

I gave up hope for the fishline. There were frogs, but in the essentially artificial circumstances I couldn't kill them. If I had actually faced starvation perhaps I would have pounced and chewed them up raw, but as it was I knew almost to the minute when I would be pecked up and taken back to the peanut-butter supply. A couple of pairs of frogs' legs were not going to make the difference to me that they would make to the frogs and, besides, starving mentally as I was, I needed the frogs more for amusement. So I watched them and a beaver that came by in the evenings. He swam back and forth, coming closer and closer, peering at me over wet whiskers—perhaps he didn't have any intellectual resources either and needed to be amused—until something would frighten him. Then he

would slap the water with his tail and vanish. The sound was precisely that of a large rock dropped into the lake.

The second night was no better than the first, except that I was resigned to not sleeping and kept the fire going and so at least was warmer. On the third day I felt really unpleasantly weak. Exploring in a new direction I did find some blueberries, withered and dry, and I sat down and ate them on the spot. I thought of a bowl of blueberries, with sugar and cream, that I had once had at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston, and of all that was implied by the addition of the bowl and the cream and the sugar and a spoon—of all that had to be learned before men could put this fruit into a bowl and eat it with a spoon. I was sitting, unequipped, in the woods, and I could wrest nothing from them, but man had begun unequipped in the woods and progressed to silver spoons.

On the morning of the day Lynn was to come back and collect us, I was watching at dawn for her canoe. Having been up all night again, I could have watched for anything at dawn with considerable interest but, eager and lonely, I wanted to see Lynn and the girls. When she arrived I nearly swamped the canoe clambering into it in an awkward state of combined weakness and enthusiasm, but then I found that, lonely as I had been for three days, I had apparently forgotten how to talk. Paddling back to our campsite, and for some hours afterward, I felt like a hermit at a cocktail party.

All of the girls had stuck it out, most of them without eating, though Joan Thames had had two pairs of frogs' legs, some berries "and the inside of a tree," and Cathi Crowson had eaten 12 ants, in groups of four.

Genie had constructed an obstacle course and spent her days running it and had memorized the label on her survival can and the whole of her last letter from Bill (which, strictly speaking, I don't think she was supposed to have had with her at all). Max said she had sat and sung to herself every song she knew. Sandy had built what sounded like quite an exquisite ant trap, with a lid. She lured ants into it and squirted them with antiseptic cream. We were all of us somewhat enfeebled, and the girls looked more wan and spiritual than they will probably look again for 30 years.

Survival over, we settled easily into

the last days of the trip. Fed again, we were stronger, and rather competent. Darcy took to carrying two packs, one back, one front, now that the food packs were lighter. On long portages Sandy's interest was in carrying the canoe the whole way without a rest, not just in whether she was going to live or die. One day several of the girls double-portaged a mile-and-a-half trail, thus making the trip with packs three times, and then walked it a fourth and fifth time, in the rain, to help a vacationing couple they had met. I myself had shaped up and could swim more than a mile and not feel winded.

Bob Pieh, the head of Minnesota Outward Bound, had told us when we left camp that there was a rhythm to the wilderness that would catch us up, and it was true. We had no watches, and we just went along, getting up after the sun rose, going to sleep after it set. When we were thirsty we dipped a cup over the side of the canoe and drank, or we drank from our paddles. When we were hot we took off our clothes. When we wanted to bathe we jumped into the lake. I brushed my teeth in pools with man-nows gathered to nibble at the cloud of toothpaste, and I hung my clothes on a tree. Life was very simple. We got tired, but that is a simple matter, too, and most of us became very tranquil—even those of us who were most miserable were tranquilly miserable.

I came out of the wilderness on the 16th day. The girls were being held back an extra day upriver because of confusion in the schedule, but I came back on time to the homeplace, and it seemed very queer. "Civilization" is a term infrequently applied to the MOBS homeplace there in the woods outside of Ely, but it had become civilization to me. I had missed it and expected to feel only relief to be back. I found instead that I was not quite at ease. There seemed to be so many objects.

I went immediately, of course, to the kitchen, to beg a cup of coffee and a cinnamon roll, and I stood there, feeling awkward, conscious of all those objects, seeing them out of the corner of my eye—the stove, the sinks, tin cans, boxes, table, chairs.

A professional guide, John Stedman, was there, drinking coffee. He regarded me for a minute and then observed that I looked pretty rough, and it occurred

to me that for 16 days I had not seen my own face. Fascinated, I went upstairs and looked into a mirror. I did look pretty rough. My pants and blue denim shirt, both of them hacked short with a hunting knife, were raveled at the raw edges and haphazardly worn from scrubbing on rock and drying in the sun. The denim shirt revealed at the throat a provocative glimpse of my husband's very old black sweat shirt. My knee socks were raveled and drooping over the tops of my high-cut basketball shoes. The shoes were worn through after only 16 days. They were filthy with mud and blood which constant wear in the lakes of Canada had not soaked out, and were missing the several eyes I had cut out to use for fishline weights during survival. As for my face, that was somewhat improved, I thought, thinner and browner, but the state of my hair was unfortunate. After a week in the wilderness there had been 11 teeth left in my comb; for the last few days, only four.

Thoughtfully I peeled off my raveled, faded, stained woods clothes and retired to the shower, where I made serious inroads on the MOBS hot water supply, and then I went to dinner, where, to my surprise, I was unable to overeat to the extent I had planned for more than two weeks. After dinner, to my greater sur-

prise, I felt compelled to go out and walk for two miles because I had too much energy to sit still. Finally, I could not sleep in a bed. I had slept for 16 nights on the ground, and I felt stuffed and unsupported in this contrivance, with its thin legs and a mattress hanging in springs—it was as difficult to rest in as I have always imagined a hammock must be if you are seriously trying to sleep.

The girls came out the next day. I don't think that Lynn Cox ever did believe that any of them had been really unhappy—that anyone could be unhappy in the woods—but several of them had been. They were sick of the wilderness, and they wanted to go home. In spite of this, their manners and their tempers had done nothing but improve.

If they looked a little grumpy when they finally emerged, they were more thoughtful, more gentle and more ladylike by far than they had been when they went in (something the so-called "best" girls' schools in this country might ponder—that the Canadian woods succeed where they too obviously fail). The girls had gone into the wilderness teenagers and had come out human beings—no small transformation.

It had happened, and I had failed to

see it develop. Having made a point of going all the way to watch for it, I had even missed the moment when it began. However, I am sure that the cause was partly pride. The girls had done a good job; they were properly proud of themselves, and the dignity of their pride did for them just what Kurt Hahn used to explain that it would do. Beyond that, I think it was example. Gini Balmann says that finally the wilderness will strip you down to what you are, and so it does. And when the time comes, good temper, good sense and a bit of fortitude shine like the pure gold that they have always been. Mannerisms and pretentiousness and what may have been in at the country club can be a serious drag in the woods after about six days. You find yourself trying to get rid of it all and rooting around in your soul to find and dust off such virtues as you have.

None of us, I suspect, who was not an outdoorswoman before all this has become an outdoorswoman because of it, but that was never the point; in fact, whichever girl liked it the least has probably come off best, having learned more than any of us what she is capable of. And that is the point. We are better than we know. If we can be made to see it, perhaps for the rest of our lives we will be unwilling to settle for less.



PEOPLE

Apparently impressed by **Charles de Gaulle's** unflinching pace as he toured the Soviet Union for 12 days, a Tass reporter asked him for his thoughts on sports. De Gaulle drew himself up to exemplify the virtues of his long and serious walking, then drove hard for his point. "When the Order of Merit was created in France, among the first recipients were two athletes, Michel Jazy and Christine Gotschel. That's because in sports as in life one must learn to win!" And that's final.

The vacation setting was the stilly wilderness of northern Idaho, but with 14 kids and 17 other grown-ups along for company (including Everest Soaler **Jim Whittaker** and Earth Orbiter **John Glenn**) **Bobby Kennedy's** 100-mile drift down the Salmon River was a long way from regulation R&R. The children scraped rattlesnakes off the canyon walls, the Senator negotiated 42 miles of white water in a kayak and the general exuberance of all overflowed into such episodes as daughter Kathleen dumping Bobby abeam (below). Even Blanche Whittaker, eight months pregnant, was undismayed by the isolation of the backcountry "because

John Glenn was along." Said she: "Astronauts can do anything, rise to any situation, meet any emergency. Delivering the baby would have been a cinch for John."

He was the only sheriff (one ventures to say) the U.S. ever had who rode a surfboard instead of a horse. But now, even though **Duke Paoa Kahamano** unpinched his star some time back after 13 terms as sheriff of Honolulu County, he has wound up with at least half a horse. Which may well be enough for Hawaii's great Olympic swimmer (1912-1932) and surfer. A 50% interest in the horse, a high-flying hunter held in good repute in the eastern show circuit, was a gift to the duke from friends for his 76th birthday.

Elbows in and head down, Utah Basketball Coach **Jack Gardner** was at the top of his backswing in Salt Lake when a runaway golf ball plummeted from the sky and nicked him on the ear. Steadily as she goes, Gardner brought the club head down in a perfect arc and with the well-hit shot went on to birdie the par-4 hole. Said the man who has coached Utah to seven conference championships: "I learned

a long time ago to switch off the outside world—at the free-throw line."

At first base there's religion, he's stood the test of time. At third base there is brotherhood, a stalwart of the name. Your left fielder is ambition, don't ever let him slack. Right fielder is a husky man, you'll find his name is work.

Whence the inspiration for these compelling lines of uplift? "Me, of course. In 1959," says **James Timothy (Macart) Grant** of the Minnesota Twins. Improbable as it may seem, someone else is claiming authorship. Mrs. Helen Womser of Los Angeles has hit the pitcher with a \$50,000 suit, charging him with plagiarism of a poem she wrote and entitled *Life Is Just an Old Ball Game*. Grant, who has recited a 54-line ode called *The Game of Life* in his off-season nightclub act, is threatening a \$200,000 countersuit for defamation of character.

As a truck-sized fullback for the Minnesota Gophers and the Chicago Bears, **Bronko Nagurski**, they used to laugh, was the only man playing the game who ran his own interference. But that was a long time ago and Bronko, who got no bonus in the primitive days when he turned professional, is now pumping gasoline in a Pure Oil station in International Falls, Minn. "It's a living," says Bronko, whose contacts with the rest of the world are a little desultory. "I get calls from sports-writers occasionally," he says. "Especially when somebody dies."

Most baseball people have seen enough of one another by the end of the interminable season, but such antisocial behavior does not apply to **John Roseboro** of the Dodgers and **Jim Piersall** of the Angels, who have cooked up an eight-day postseason golf tour of the Hawaiian Islands for all "players, fans and booster

club members." Helping the two zenots is a Los Angeles travel agency not yet fully in tune with baseball argot. A note from the agency, for example, speaks of a distance driving contest between a golfer using a club and a billplayer using a "fungus" bat. The event will be unique, it is promised superfluously.

With a tongue hanging out like that (below), the man figured to be a Lyndon Johnson aide. But as it was, Presidential Press Secretary **Bill Moyers** was off duty and was running himself ragged merely for the good name of Washington's White House Press Corps in a seven-inning softball game against the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce. Still, because he turned in such a sterling performance at shortstop ("He covered the ground like a West Texas sandstorm," said an opponent) and because he collected four hits and three runs ("He was as busy as a one-legged man in a kicking contest," said another) Moyers was named the corps' most valuable player, even as the journalists went down to an 8-6 defeat. Said one admiring teammate. "I just wish he talked as much in a press conference as he did out there on the field."



Ride with the winner



DAYTONA "500" Richard Petty pushes his Hemi-powered Plymouth Belvedere to victory at Daytona, Fla., on Feb. 27, 1966.

ROCKINGHAM "500" Paul Goldsmith rocks home to win in his Hemi-powered Belvedere at Rockingham, N.C., on Mar. 13, 1966.

ATLANTA "500" Jim Hurtubise roars into victory lane to take first place with his Plymouth Belvedere at Atlanta, Ga., Mar. 27, 1966.

DARLINGTON "400" Petty again passes the pack to prove Hemi-power in his Plymouth Belvedere at Darlington, S.C., on Apr. 30, 1966.

YANKEE "300" Norm Nelson drives his Plymouth Belvedere across the line to win this USAC classic at Indianapolis, May 1, 1966.

CHARLOTTE "600" In this toughest and longest NASCAR stock car race, Marvin Panch (with relief driver Richard Petty) takes his Belvedere into first place at Charlotte, N.C., May 22, 1966. Finishing first in nearly every major stock car race this year, Plymouth proves its durability and reliability! On different tracks and with different drivers, Hemi-powered Plymouth Belvederes show they have what it takes to make winners . . . in races as long as 600 grueling miles. You couldn't buy one of these cars (specially modified for stock car racing) even if you wanted to. But you can buy a Plymouth designed and built with the same engineering know-how that helped make such a record of performance, durability and reliability. Fury, Belvedere, Valiant and Barracuda.

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HERO OF THE NIGHT RANDY JOHNSON COMPLETED 34 PASSES, TWO FOR TOUCHDOWNS



DONNY ANDERSON (44) AND DEFENSE LEO BY TOMMY NOBIS (BELOW, 60) CLO THE WEST



PRO FOOTBALL / Dan Jenkins

Randy passes a test in his new home

The Falcons' rookie quarterback from Texas A&I stars in Atlanta in the Coaches All-America Game

One of the youngest unestablished impermanent flouting all-star games in football finally found a home last week in Atlanta, and it seemed at the same time that the new Atlanta Falcons of the National Merged American Solidarity Football Happiness League found a first-rate quarterback as well.

The quarterback is Randy Johnson, a thin, quick-armed Texan who makes a habit of scattering passing records all over the South in all-star games. On Saturday night in Atlanta's stadium-in-the-round Johnson stuck passes into a variety of jerseys and led his West teammates to an easy 24-7 victory over the best from the East.

Though he was the only small-college player in the game—he played for Texas A&I on the remote coastal prairie of his home state—Johnson looked as if he deserved as high a salary as any of the young millionaires on the field. He completed 24 passes for a Coaches All-America Game record, erasing a mark set by George Mira, and accounted for 237 yards and two touchdowns. Throwing to everybody but the West head coach (UCLA's Tommy Prothro) and even running for one touchdown, Randy kept the East constantly off-balance, moving his team almost at will. When the game was over he was voted the outstanding player by nearly as large a majority as Roosevelt had over Landon. It was the third time Johnson had won such an award. He was also the most valuable player in both the Blue-Gray and Senior Bowl attractions in December and January. And now, before

Atlanta Coach Norb Hecker can get him to camp in North Carolina, Johnson must take his arm to Chicago for the College All Star Game in August to see if he can make it a grand slam.

"This is really something," said Johnson after he had destroyed the East. "The crowds keep getting bigger. I played before 15,000 at Texas A&I. Then it rose to 20,000 in the Blue-Gray and 35,000 in the Senior Bowl. This was almost 40,000. I just hope everybody can keep catching the ball."

They couldn't very well miss in Atlanta, since he kept putting it under their chins. People like Arkansas' Bobby Crockett and Jim Lindsey, Nebraska's Freeman White and Tony Jeter and Texas Tech's Donny Anderson had only to turn around all night long and there was the football.

"The East cooperated pretty good," Randy said in his soft, polite voice. "They rushed their ends and allowed me to do what I like best—drop straight back. We'd planned all week to do a lot of roll-out stuff, but I didn't have to."

He said, "I asked Mr. Prothro if I could adjust right at first, and our coaches [Arkansas' Frank Broyles and Nebraska's Bob Devaney were the assistants] smiled and said, 'Have fun.'"

When Prothro took his first look at the West stars, who as a whole were higher-priced rookies than those from the East—the last batch of big-money rookies, it should be added—he said, half seriously, "With boys like these, we ought to win by 25 points." He didn't miss by much.

At workouts it was difficult to tell what anyone was worth. The weather was hot and sticky in Atlanta, and the practices were brief. The players worked in shorts and mesh shirts, took frequent breaks to sample the wine of the South, Coca-Cola, and to chat with onlookers. Donny Anderson, the colorful and sometimes controversial \$600,000 Green Bay rookie from Texas Tech, won the award for chatting, mostly with young ladies.

"Look at that," said a pro scout one afternoon at Georgia Tech's Rose Bowl field, where the squads exercised. "I've heard so much about that kid, but he just slouches around."

"Wait until they tee it up," said Jack Faulkner of the Los Angeles Rams. "He'll show you something."

Anderson did exactly that. He scored one touchdown, on a flat pass from his

continued



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PRO FOOTBALL continued

roommate, ran as tough as Paul Hornung, the veteran Packer whom he may well beat out of a job, punted beautifully (once dead on the East one-yard line) and regaled the press with statements like, "I date every night I can," and "Hornung and I both like light-colored suits—no greens or browns."

Johnson had some other help, especially from his equally high-priced defense. Texas' Tommy Nobis personally stopped three East drives, was everywhere, once halting an East drive down close and another time stopping an East gamble for a first down, thus setting up the first West score.

East was leading 7-0, it was fourth and an inch on the East's own 34 when Coach Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State—who also lost to Prothro in the Rose Bowl—ordered the gamble. The ball was given to \$300,000 Jim Grabowski, but he met \$600,000 Nobis at the hole. The reason for the difference in money was obvious. Nobis crunched Grabowski backward two yards. When Nobis and a couple of his best defensive helpers, Minnesota's Gale Gillingham and USC's Jeff Smith, were done for the evening, the East had a minus-32 yards rushing.

The Coaches' game was a financial success even before the Falcon's top draft choices. Johnson and Nobis, took the field. Atlanta is a college-football city, and the advance sale guaranteed nearly 40,000. During its five years in Buffalo, a pro city, the game had floundered, never attracting more than 25,000 people, most of whom had to ask where Georgia Tech was. So the coaches moved the game and increased their usual \$20,000 profit to \$100,000.

"The game's a religion down here," said an eastern coach, observing the crowd. "Here it is July and almost 90°, and look at those people."

In the stands the Falcon brass was beaming about Randy Johnson.

"For throwing the ball," said Atlanta End Coach Tom Fears, "Randy is better than any rookie I've ever seen. And that includes Norm Van Brocklin."

"He's the best rookie prospect I've seen," said Bud Erickson, the Falcons' general manager.

"Johnson and Nobis," smiled Falcon Owner Rankin Smith. "I certainly am pleased."

He certainly should have been. Another football season had begun, and the Falcons already were heroes.

END

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This machine gets a good workout. In 1965, some 4½ billion long distance telephone conversations took place. Which brings up a couple of interesting points. First, because Western Electric has un-

compromising manufacturing standards, you can count on the reliability of your phone. Only the most dependable materials go into Bell telephones and equipment that interconnects them.

Second, there might be no such convenience as Direct Distance Dialing if Western Electric, for decades, had not been committed to the Bell System's goal of continually providing better, more versatile service. Close-knit planning, design, manufacture and operation give you new services faster — and more economically.

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Du Pont Golden "7"—get it wherever auto supplies are sold.



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BASEBALL / Mark Mulvoy

How can Black Maxers lose?

The Pittsburgh Pirates have the league's four leading hitters, a rustic rookie pitcher and a bunch of flakes. And they may end up with the pennant

There was ElRoy Face, wearing the gray felt buccaneer's hat, complete with skull and crossbones, and flashing a toothless smile. There was Willie Stargell, demonstrating the proper use of an airplane oxygen mask. There was Steve Blass, distributing black crosses to the 12 charter members of the Black Maxers and telling Herr Field Marshal von Pesky that his red cross, distinguishing the Fuhrer from the rank and file, would arrive soon. And there was Trainer Danny Whelan, Herr von Nasal Spray, stuffing cotton in his ears so he would not have to listen to the roar.

These are the Pittsburgh Pirates and, says Catcher Jim Pagliarini, "we haven't got a sane guy on the club." He is absolutely right. The Pirates are the flakiest team in baseball. They know it and their manager, Harry Walker, also knows it. Pitcher Pete Mikkelsen was walking around town one day when he spotted a man wearing a buccaneer's hat, and it did not take too long for Mikkelsen to persuade the man that only a Pirate should be wearing such a hat. Then a group of Pirates went to see the movie, *The Blue Max*, a World War I dogfight-in-the-sky story, and from the film came the idea for the Black Maxers or, as Pagliarini calls them, the Dirty Dozen. The members already have contributed to a slush fund for rainy days, and they are planning to hold a postseason breakup banquet on, naturally, a rathskeller.

Even Walker himself seems to be infected. The manager almost did handstands when the bus taking the club to the airport in Chicago happened to stop for a moment in front of an elderly apartment house at 1946 West Addison Street. "There it is," Walker shouted as he pointed to the building. "There it is—that house right there! Number 1946. That's what I've wanted all year. That

tells me we're going to win the pennant. The last time I was in the Series was 1946, and that number says I'll be there again in 1966. Yes, sir. We'll see you in the Series."

Walker and his Pirates may be in the World Series in October, but they were not quite in first place, as they had expected to be, at the All-Star recess. They were still one game behind the league-leading San Francisco Giants. This situation was particularly frustrating because the Pirates had just played 13 straight games against the low-rent New York Mets and Chicago Cubs and had won nine of them, but they had been able to gain only two games on the Giants. It seemed that every time the Pirates won a game the Giants, playing a couple of hours later on the West Coast, would rally in the late innings to win theirs.

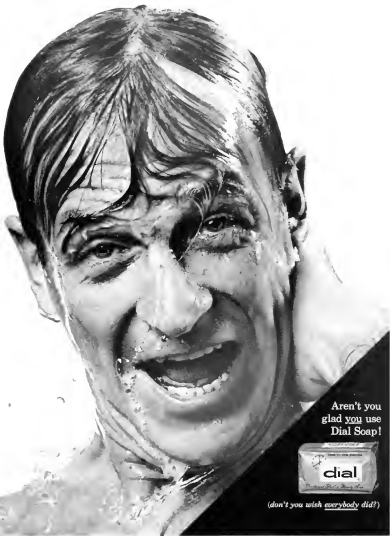
Still, there was a pennant race in the National League, and it was Leo Durocher of the Chicago Cubs, who last year managed two pennant winners from a television booth but this year is managing a last-place team on the field, who had the "first guess" about the team you'd better keep an eye on during the last half of the season.

"The Pirates are the club I'd like to have," said Durocher, speaking much too wishfully. "They have all that great hitting. They've got Mazeroski. They've got that kid Alfee at shortstop, and he's the most improved player in this league. They've got that Veale to throw the ball past you. And they've got that tobacco picker who looks like he should be pushing a plow."

Woody Fryman was picking tobacco and pushing a plow on his family's farm in Ewing, Ky. on July 5, 1965. Exactly one year later he pitched a three-hit shutout to beat Durocher and his Cubs. The pitching record that Fryman,

continued

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BASEBALL continued

a 23-year-old left-hander with only 12 games of minor league experience, has compiled this season is really incredible. He has completed eight of his 11 starts, has won eight games while losing only three, and he pitched three successive shutouts before he was scored on as he beat the New York Mets 6-3 last weekend. Rookie left-handers traditionally have control problems, but Fryman has walked only two batters in his last 50 1/3 innings.

"I suppose people'll think I learned control by throwing at a spot on the side of the barn," says Fryman, "but I didn't, because I never had the time. We weren't real early risers at home, but we were up by 6 every day and by the time we milked the cows in the morning, worked in the tobacco fields and then milked the cows again, it might be 7 or 8 o'clock at night."

On Sundays, though, Woody pitched for the Flemingsburg Aces, a local semi-pro team, and it was not unusual for him to pitch both games of a double-header. "As a matter of fact, just before I signed last year I went nine to win one game and came back to go seven and win the second," Fryman says. "I guess I won close to 100 games in the six years I pitched there."

Fryman always wanted to pitch professionally, but professional clubs always refused to give him any kind of bonus. "The Reds offered me \$300 a month a couple of times, but I told them it was ridiculous," he says. "I was making that on the farm. Then they'd tell me how I could make the people of Ewing proud of me if I became a big star and all that, but I just told them that if the people weren't proud of me already then they'd never be."

Woody eventually signed with the Pirates last year after the government cut the family farm's tobacco acreage by 15%. "My dad and I talked it over and figured that this was the time to try it," Fryman says. The time was perfect for the Pirates, too. "Do you have any idea where we might be without him?" says Harry Walker, scratching his head. "He not only wins, he pitches those complete games that save the bullpen guys for the next day. We sort of thought he'd be a sleeper this year, but we didn't think he'd be this good."

Despite the surprising emergence of Fryman as a dependable starting pitcher and the solid strength of Bob Veale, the

continued



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BASEBALL *continued*

Pirates still have serious pitching problems. Vernon Law has lost his good fast ball and has to get by with off-speed pitches. Steve Blass, another impressive youngster pitched a complete game in his first start back in April but has not completed nine innings since. The bullpen, with Mikkelsen and Face—and now Billy O'Dell, who came from the Atlanta Braves in the middle of June—as the key men, has been inconsistent, probably because of overwork.

However, the liveliest offense in the National League and the best double-play combination anywhere enable the Pirates to give their pitchers ample protection. The top four hitters in the league—Mota, Alou, Stargell and Clemente—play in the Pirate outfield and, with Alky and Mazonoski covering the middle, the Pirates have already executed 108 double plays this year. Walker recently began to use Jose Pagan at third base, and now Pagan has won the position from Bob Bailey. Matty Alou and Manny Mota, who were signed by the same scout, Horacio Martinez, for the Giants years ago, alternate in center field, and both are hitting over .335. Three-time batting champion Roberto Clemente is in right. But, with all this, the most vicious of the Pirates' impressive hitters is Willie Stargell.

With the numerals 40-120-300—for home runs, runs batted in and batting average—marked inside his helmet to remind him of his season's goals, Stargell already has hit 22 homers, has knocked in 63 runs and is batting .337. Last year at the All-Star break he had 21 home runs and then hit only seven the rest of the year. Stargell explains that that was because he put on a little weight and was trying to kill the ball all the time. He still tries to kill the ball, but now it is only against left-handers—which is one reason why Walker usually drops him from cleanup to seventh or eighth when a lefty pitches.

But weight, too, is a laughing matter. "Do you know what Gospel bird is?" Stargell asks. "Well, that's fired chicken. Do you know what jungle plum is? Well, that's watermelon." Then Willie just shakes his head.

Jungle plums, Gospel birds, tobacco farmers, magic numbers, Black Maxers—you name it, the Pirates have it. And if that pitching gets a little better, one of these days they just might get the Giants, too.

END



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INTERNATIONAL

Continued from page 74

In the end, sounds of jet planes were piped to Germany's Pick Wick I; sea gull cries and the boom of surf provided atmosphere for France's Roquepine, and farm sounds (of a babbling brook, sheep, cows and a barking dog) helped make France's other entry, Quosen, feel at home.

Then human interest struck. The Wednesday before the International, Pluvier came up with a headache. "Sunstroke," the raceway veterinarian declared "Sunstroke!" said Joey, brightening again. After consulting with an Oklahoma sunstroke specialist, ice packs and a ton of oxygen were administered to reduce the fever. Pluvier rallied after seeing his picture in the paper.

Final pre-race excitement was provided by a Brooklyn wigmaker named Harry Levenson, who suggested the horses wear dyed manes and tails in the colors of their national flags. "That's a good idea," said Joey, who knows good ideas. But the artificial tails kept falling off. And when the publicity department asked the racing commission for permission to use the colored manes in the post parade, at least, the sportsport commissioners said no.

By International post time, a huge crowd had assembled at Roosevelt. The favorite was Armbrø Flight, the Canadian-owned filly who for the past two seasons has been the best trotter racing in the U.S. Her driver, Joe O'Brien, had taken good care to keep her away from the fun and nonsense leading up to the International. She was shipped into Roosevelt the day before the race and by then all the hokum stories had been printed and the International barn was relatively calm. For one thing, they turned off the taped sounds.

Pluvier III came out from under the ice pack and joined the lineup. But the most significant pre-race story went untold. Armbrø Flight came into the paddock lame. "She can't win," predicted O'Brien. But she did.

The International was a corker. Time for the mile and a quarter was 2:31 1/2, just a fifth of a second off the world record. It was the fastest International ever and certainly one of the best.

On a hot July night, the 40,117 crowd was a tribute to purest promotion. So was the \$2,391,282 handle. The fact that the race was good was the payoff. Of such things are legends made. **END**

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a few seconds. Add ice.
A slice of lime. Cheers.

Strange case of the vanishing loser

The process of throwing losing cards on your partner's winners in another suit is one of the basic plays in bridge. But the art of discarding losers on losers is not so well understood. In fact, sometimes the disappearance of the losing trick when this play is employed seems to be a major feat of legerdemain.

Here is a remarkable example of the success of the loser-on-loser play. It did not, to tell the truth, emerge as the result of a well-planned operation, but was evolved on the spur of the moment because declarer could see that there was no other way to bring home 10 tricks. The deal turned up in one of those impromptu team games that have supplanted a great deal of rubber bridge in places like New York's Cavendish Club.

Until South was assured of finding a fit with partner, his one spade bid was as much as his hand was worth. In fact, whenever you hold some length in an opponent's suit you must be careful about overcalling since the likelihood is increased that both sides have misfit

hands and the profit will come from doubling the opponents. However, when North found a free rime of spades, South was amply justified in jumping to game. The auction and final contract were the same at the other table. But making game was something else again. One South was successful, the other was not.

The opening lead of the king of hearts received mild encouragement from East, who knew from the fact that West had not led a low heart that partner's holding was either king singleton or doubleton. The heart suit was continued and East took the ace and returned a third round. Although West was unable to ruff with a higher card than dummy's 10, East consoled himself that he had killed one of South's heart winners. South, meanwhile, was glad to see this evidence that East must have the spade queen. Up to this point, the play had been identical at both tables, but now the paths diverged.

At one table declarer overruffed in dummy, led a spade to the jack for a successful finesse against East's queen and



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ducked a diamond to East's jack, giving East an opportunity to make the mistake of leading a club. This would allow South to ruff, cash dummy's diamond ace, come to his hand with another club ruff and cash the good heart, on which he could discard dummy's last diamond. Then he could ruff his last diamond with dummy's last trump. But East alertly retained the spade queen, and declarer could not avoid losing a second diamond.

At the other table the successful declarer's thinking went further than merely reasoning that the spade queen was favorably placed. He stopped to investigate the chances of making 10 tricks and came up with a loser-on-loser play.

*Neither side vulnerable
West dealer*

NORTH

♠ 10 8 7
♥ J 3
♦ A 10 2
♣ Q 7 5 4 3

WEST

♠ 7 6
♥ K 4
♦ Q 9 4 3
♣ A J 10 9 8

EAST

♠ Q 9
♥ A 9 8 7 2
♦ K J 8
♣ K 6 2

SOUTH

♠ A K J 5 4 2
♥ Q 10 4 5
♦ 7 6 5
♣

WEST

PASS
7♣
PASS

NORTH

PASS
7♣
PASS

EAST

3♥
PASS
PASS

SOUTH

1♠
1♠

Opening lead: King of hearts

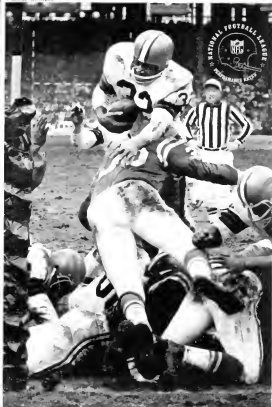
Had his heart 10 not been trumped, South would, of course, have discarded a diamond from dummy on the winner. When West trumped the heart 10, South saw his best chance—possibly his only chance—was to discard a diamond from dummy anyway, so he let West's trump win.

West continued by leading a diamond. Dummy's ace won and a trump lead was taken by the jack. With the queen, the only opposing trump, located in East's hand, it was a simple matter to stop drawing trumps and discard dummy's last diamond on the fourth heart. Two trumps remained in dummy to take care of South's two diamond losers, and to reward his good play declarer needed only to find that East must follow suit in diamonds while dummy ruffed.

By his lead of the third round of hearts, East had made one of South's winners disappear. But the successful declarer managed to make a loser disappear at the same time.

END

Photo by Ken Regan



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A MUDDY DAY IN EAST BERLIN

It was Olympischer Tag, a big event behind The Wall. A cloudburst swamped the stadium, but brooms, gasoline fires and old-fashioned sportsmanship came to the rescue and everything was 'alles in Butter' BY JACK OLSEN

CONTINUED



Politics, always politics, is getting in the way," said the soft-voiced little German with the face of a friendly ferret. "I am interested in the track records of my opponents, not in their politics."

The speaker was Jürgen May, and you may want to make a note of his name. Last winter, running on the grass in New Zealand in one of his rare appearances outside the Iron Curtain, the wiry 145-pounder from Erfurt, near Leipzig, stepped a mile in 3:53.8, which stands as the third fastest mile ever, a mere fifth of a second behind Michel Jazy's world record and only a tenth behind Jim Ryan's time this year at the Compton Relays.

There are those who say that it is Jürgen May, not Jim Ryan—and certainly not the aging Jazy—who will burst through the 3:50 barrier, the next big challenge in the mile. Peter Snell, the truculent New Zealander who quit the battle and saw his once untouchable records dissolve one by one in this golden age of track and field, has said of May: "He is the man most likely to break the barrier of 3:50. It shouldn't be long now. It will take a man who can run a very fast half mile and still have stamina." May is a man who can run a very fast half mile. He holds the world record at 1,000 meters, slightly over half a mile, and he flirts with world marks almost every time he appears in a middle-distance race.

It is no wonder that Snell remembers May well. They met last year in an 800-meter event at Prague, and before the race Snell commented in his usual inimitable way: "Jürgen May? Never heard this name!" May won the race, and within a few weeks reeled off a new German 800-meter mark, a European 1,500-meter record (since regained, by a tenth of a second, by Jazy) and the world record in the 1,000 meters.

But getting to see the brilliant Iron Curtain runner is no simple matter. The same political intrigues that keep him from freely meeting worthy opponents also make it difficult for Western journalists to watch him in action. Although he is widely feared and respected by the Jim Ryans and the Michel Jazys of the track world, and indeed is their peer in every respect, he is all but unknown to the butcher from Marseille and certainly is unknown to the little old lady from Dubuque. May was invited to race in the U.S., but he was forbidden entry by the U.S. State Department. When he flew to Paris to engage the reluctant Jazy in mortal combat over the metric mile, the Gallic masters of red tape let him sit around the airport at Le Bourget for 12 hours, then told him to run along home. "To make it worse," said the runner, "it was drafty at the airport, and all I took back to Germany for my trouble was a cold." He laughed at the silliness of it all. "It was political pressure from the West Germans that did me in. And not for the first time, either."

Going into East Berlin, one gets a quick dose of the politics that befuddle not only Jürgen May but his counter-

parts who try to make the journey in the opposite direction. I went through the looking glass with a small delegation of Western journalists en route to cover May's appearance in Olympischer Tag (Olympic Day), a track meet featuring runners and jumpers and throwers from 13 nations, most of them behind the Iron Curtain. A short walk through Checkpoint Charlie and we found ourselves immersed in the drear clichés of Red Berlin, the glaring contradictions and inconsistencies, the gleaming facades and the shoddy realities. The passport-control officer on the East Berlin side smiled and nodded and performed minor courtesies, while next to him stood another official who made it plain that he viewed every visitor from the outer world as an Alice Leamas slipping through The Wall to undo with diabolical cunning all the good works of the Kossygin and Ulbrichts and Brezhnev's of the kindly Communist world. A few minutes later we were saying, "*Alles in Butter*," to a customs guard; this is a traditional Berlin greeting that means literally "everything in butter," and freely translates as "Everything's coming up roses." He looked both ways and smiled wryly. "Sometimes yes," he said. "Sometimes no."

Warmed by the glow of this East-West exchange of intimacy, we began to feel as though we were crossing the border between Oregon and Washington, when suddenly there appeared in an unmuffled frenzy a hot little motorbike bearing two Vopos, *Volkspolizei*, those dedicated youths whose studied coldness personifies the Eastern regime to most Europeans. They zipped along—their heads moving slowly from side to side, submachine guns cradled in their laps, steel helmets shading their eyes, the look of zombies on their faces—and disappeared around a corner marked by a five-story building with the top three floors bombed into skeletal nudity. Said a visiting journalist from Great Britain: "This is a hell of a place for a track meet."

My own mission was almost aborted from the start. Carrying out an earlier promise, I had brought with me copies of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for May and his coach. A customs official huffed that all capitalist periodicals are banned in East Germany and looked at me with vast administrative annoyance.

"It is only a sports magazine," I said with becoming humility.

He opened the magazine brusquely and pointed to a full-page picture of an Early Times bottle. "*Ist das Sport?*" he said. Before I could answer he turned to another advertisement, this one showing a shaggy dog wearing a fireman's hat. "*Ist das Sport?*" he said louder.

"Well . . ." I said.

He leafed through pages bearing pictures of automobiles, cameras, television sets, Ralph Houk smoking a cigar, a baby, two birds and a glass of Schlitz. "*Das ist doch kein Sport!*" he said at each page. "That is just not sport." A

continued



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**when you're
having more
than one**

superior sidled over to see what all the noise was about, he looked at the cover picture of *Jim Ryan* and said generously, "You may take it in, but you must bring it out tonight." When we said the magazine was for Jürgen May he waved us on with wild abandon. Then he turned to the other official and began an earnest conversation, perhaps explaining to him the difference between advertisements and sports articles. Communist periodicals carry no commercial advertising.

The visiting athletes were quartered in a new building called the *Sporthotel*, a long, low, dormitory-type affair of gray-white plaster and glass, festooned with garlands and flags, including the Stars and Stripes, and surrounded by some six acres of grassy athletic fields that even then were in the process of being mown, with typical totalitarian inconsistency, by two men, a muscular young man riding a gasoline mower and a bent old man wielding a scythe. The athletes were at lunch, sitting in an airy restaurant at tables marked off by miniature flags, with red flowers for Iron Curtain countries and daisies for the infidels. We studied the menu. The specialties of the house turned out to be greenrels with potatoes and ramp steak with egg, each for less than 52. One could choose from German whiskey, Cuban rum, Soviet vodka, Polish vodka, cognac and two mysterious drinks labeled "Soviet cognac" (75¢) and "Egyptian cognac" (70¢). We bypassed the mysteries in favor of *Apfelsaft*, a nourishing German cider, and topped off the meal with bowls of cold strawberry soup and a package of American filter-tipped cigarettes (\$1.85). A mammoth man with a crew cut, horn-rimmed glasses and a red sports shirt was pointed out to me as an American, and with my usual lack of forethought I rushed over to him and said, "Hi! I'm an American, too."

He turned toward me slowly, folded his massive arms across his massive chest, and said with vast coolth, "Me Russian."

"Me American," I whispered, awe-stricken, but he was gone. (The next time I was to see him he was mounting the victors' stand to accept a bouquet of red carnations for winning the shotput.)

Later we watched May work out with Kipchoge Keino, the exciting young Kenyan whose own best time in the mile is less than a second off the world record, despite the fact that he trains with all the gusto of Dagwood Bumstead on his days off. "Come, Kap!" the gentle May said, and led his friend to one of the several 400-meter tracks within a short walk of the *Sporthotel*. There the two jogged for 20 minutes and talked steadily in English, their common-denominator language. Keino's first language is a tribal tongue, Nandi; his second is Swahili, and May's first language, of course, is German. Keino observed that he was getting tired of front-running all the time. "When you are running in front you are fighting the wind," he said, in what for him represented a major address.

We asked him where was his trademark, the rumpled hat

that he likes to flip off his head when he begins to make his move in a race. "I give it to a friend," he said. "I not use anymore." It took him several minutes to explain that someone had convinced him that his hat trick was hush, and as a subinspector of police in Kenya he could not afford to lose any dignity. May nodded in agreement.

There were hundreds of athletes, ranging in age from about 10 to 60, working out on the track. East Germany is engaged in a great leap forward into athletics and, as befits the people of a workers' republic, no one appeared to be paying much mind to the two renowned middle-distance men. Jogging around the track, Keino and May moved out of the way of a paunchy man wearing form-fitting shorts and busily dashing off a two-minute circumnavigation of the track. No one rushed up for autographs, and no one watched in awe. But when Keino and May began doing freewheeling skips and jumps and turns aimed at relaxing the workout, half the athletes on the field decided to join in, and the broad pitch of green turned into a short-lived ballet set. Then the training session was over, there was an East German function that night—the evening before the race—and all the athletes were expected to attend. May observed that he thought Keino probably would set a fast pace the next day, and that he would do his best to keep up. Keino said he would formulate his strategy on the track.

At Jahn Stadium, the sprawling sports center where the race would be held, we sought credentials for the affair, "*Amerikaner*?" said the man at the gate incredulously. For several hours we sweated out the chain of command. A

continued



Slogging through mud, West German's slender Harald Norpoth leads Kipchoge Keino of Kenya and East German's Jürgen May.

nervous, middle-aged man with shaggy hair passed us along to a tight-muscled younger man fetchingly attired in an athletic supporter, who summoned by telephone a pregnant woman, who introduced us to a pleasant little man, who said that he knew an American from Mississippi and another from Harvard and found Americans difficult to figure out.

Finally we were in the presence of a genuine pro, the press chief, a Herr Gitter, who seemed pleased to see the American press and handed us a package containing 10 pounds of East German sports information ranging from hooklets on athletes' records to a bound volume celebrating the sporting accomplishments of his countrymen in 1964. There were 19 publications in all, in French, German and English, including colorfully written biographies of East German track stars ("Rosemarie Shubert goes in for sport since her early childhood," "In 1945, at the age of 12, Fred Döring was confined to bed whilst other children went in for sport and games," "Heinrich Hagen is working as an electrical engineer in Rostock's deep-sea harbor and is in charge of designing telecommunication and signal installations. How can one train marathon with such immense and responsible task?").

Another hooklet pointed out that East German athletes had won five gold, 13 silver and five bronze medals at the Tokyo Olympics, no mean accomplishment for a nation of only 17 million souls. A booklet called *A New Chapter in the History of German Sport* told how the East German Republic had thrown all the ex-Nazis out of the sports movement and also noted, in so many words, that the West German sports authorities had done nothing about anything. We learned that Jürgen May is a national hero, suitably decorated, that he is 24 years old, a sportswriter on an East German newspaper by trade and the lun-loving driver of a Czech-built Skoda automobile by avocation, that his training schedule embraces 365 days a year, including running up and down hills, against weights and through sand in the Arthur Lydiard tradition, and that his style is to take off like a spruner, run alone up front and "stamp into the finish with trembling knees but long strides," this practice a result of his having fallen and been badly spiked at the start of an early race.

Gradually I read myself to sleep against a mysterious distant backdrop of explosions. Some said they were some booms from Russian fighters; some said they were the sounds of demolition along

the Berlin Wall, and some said they were merely the products of my fevered capitalistic imagination. That night I dreamed of vaulting to the top of the Berlin Wall and going down in a fusillade of machine-gun bullets, like Richard Burton, my blood spattering over the sheets of paper on which I had scrawled in code all the secrets of the track meet, secrets for which the Western world would pay plenty. My dreams are always overwritten.

The next day the newspapers were busily trumpeting the glories of Olympischer Tag. *Neues Deutschland*, the official Communist newspaper, noted that Keino holds the 3,000- and 5,000-meter world records and figured to jump off to a fast pace. West Berlin's *Berliner Zeitung* quoted Keino's coach as forecasting a time under 3.40 for the metric mile, a mild prediction but one which excited sports-minded East Berliners. Karl-Marx-Allee—the showcase street that serves as the East Berlin equivalent of the Potemkin villages visited by Catherine the Great—was freshly scrubbed, and huge signs in colorful mosaics and artistic flourishes heralded the glories of the working classes and the Olympic Day.



Political differences were forgotten as Kaiser Vajouk (center) is joined on victory stand by bouquet-bearing May (left) and smiling Keino.

But on the back streets one saw the same chilling sights, the sad results of 30,000 Russian cannon firing at will into the city 21 years ago: a pile of rubble 100 feet high, a quarter of a mile wide and almost a mile long, with brush trying to gain a footing up its sides; a single remaining shattered wall of the Anhalter Railroad Station serving to show where the area's Grand Central Station once stood, blocks and blocks of weed-cluttered fields where East Berliners are reluctant to plant badly needed vegetables for fear that their shovels will touch off live shells, the husks of tall buildings so long intended that thick bushes grow from the litter on the tops, long rows of hastily built barracklike apartments under which the local people hesitate to walk for fear a balcony will come crashing down.

By the end of the working day, East Berliners were queuing up for tickets to the evening track meet at prices equivalent to 15¢ for children and 51¢ for adults. Flags of all the participating nations flew from the ramparts of Jahn Stadium, a workmanlike sports arena with no sheltered seats and a clear view of two Vopos studying the border through binoculars on a watchtower atop an adjacent roof. We took our seats in the press box, which already was half filled with women and children and other journalists, and we were soon joined by four Vopos, two on one side and two more behind us, some of the hundreds of *Folkspolizei* who had somehow managed to get the evening off to see the races. I quickly drew the conclusion that the Vopos are about the stopest-looking policemen in the world. They wear V-neck jackets with either undershirts or skin peeking out; their buttons are more often undone than buttoned, and they wear shoes of their own choosing, including winklepickers, the pointed footwear of the British Teddies. It is difficult to build up respect for a cop in a V-neck and winklepickers. For the most part they sat quietly, although I managed to overhear one of them engaged in what at first appeared to be a deep discussion on some supersensory matter. I caught a single sentence: "Why do you suppose it is that you never

er see a flat-chested javelin thrower?"

Minutes later, the Vopos jumped to their feet to watch the finish of the women's 100-meter sprint. "*Hinsetzen!*" a brave man shouted behind them—the German phrase for "Down in front!" The Vopos glared, fidgeted and sat.

Two hours before the big event, the 1,500 meters, the rains came, sheets and torrents and gales of rain, accompanied by streaks of lightning and Wagnerian rolls of thunder. The crowd, now grown to about 7,000, dispersed to the nearest shelter, an administration building and gymnasium adjoining the stadium. There they jammed into the halls, while our little journalistic group luxuriated in a large room full of tables and empty chairs. Every now and then a sports fan would timidly open the door, look in and disappear. "See how disciplined they are," said a French journalist. "They don't even ask if they can come in and sit down. If this was France the room would be packed now. And if this was America they'd be in here dancing on the tables."

"We will have no world records today," said another gloomily.

"Yes, we will," said the indomitable Frenchman. "For running on soap."

When the rain let up we returned to a scene of fire and smoke and frenzied activity in the stadium. The athletes had been furnished with brooms and shovels, and they fell to with a spirit not unbecoming to citizens of so many workers' republics. Dainty young girls flitted away at the water on the track. Men in sweat suits poured gasoline along the approaches to the high jump and long jump and then ignited them to boil off the water. The work was spectacular but ineffectual. One beefy athlete made the mistake of dipping his right foot in a long ribbon of gasoline and then lighting a match. Foot merrily ablaze, he raced across the track and slid footfirst into a deep puddle with a style that would have done credit to George Washington Case, while the crowd hooted and laughed and called out wisecracks. "*Ein Buddhist!*" cried a hairy-legged woman, and a male spectator in lederhosen shouted, "Got a light?"

Continued



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But all the best efforts of the proletariat could not dry a track so thoroughly saturated by the rains of Eastern Europe and the rest of the events limped along, while the crowd shouted "Ja! Ja! Ja!" and "Tempo" (meaning "Keep up the pace") at the struggling athletes, whose track shoes made a steady *slopp, slopp, slopp* against the suction of the ground. Alas, even the vaunted 1,500-meter race turned into a mere exhibition, with Keno and May struggling to reach dry land, finding themselves boxed in and merely going through the motions, except at the very end, where May put on one of his characteristic last-ditch sprints in an effort to overhaul the eventual winner, Harald Norpoth of West Germany, a dark horse who was one of five four-minute milers in the race and clearly the best of the mudders. The time was a slow 3:46.2, with May finishing two-tenths of a second back and Keno further behind in third place at 3:46.9. "A race to forget," said the disappointed sports journalist Jürgen May. "A race not to write about."

But at the finish there occurred an event that may be of political significance and may merely be a note on sportsmanship, in which the East Germans abound. To listen to all the East and West German propagandists, one would believe that these two Sundered Nations bear undying grudges against each other, like typical estranged brothers. And now here was Norpoth, the villainous West German, coming across the finish line and into a claque of cheering, screaming admirers. A chant went up. "Harald! Harald!" And then the fans began pouring out of the stands, ignoring the entreaties of the guards, and drowned the gasping Norpoth in admiration. The Olympic silver-medal winner (in the 5,000 meters) appeared to be deeply touched by the scene. Keno and May joined in the congratulations, and Norpoth was asked if the race had been difficult. He said, "Races you win are never difficult." And when he was asked if he would run again in East Germany he said it would be *hamarbo*. For just a few minutes under the scudding clouds of Red Berlin, it was *alles in Butter* all over again. **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by SANDY RAMRAS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Something had to happen in SAN FRANCISCO (5-4), especially after the power-happy Giants had gone 35 innings without a home run. So, in four straight games, Willie Mays hit a three-run homer to beat the Cards, 3-2, four different players hit homers to save a game for Ray Sadecki. Jim Davenport pinch-hit a grand slam to help Juan Marichal win his 14th game, and Willie McCovey and Tom Haller combined home runs to win a thriller from the Reds. Sadecki's victory was bizarre. On the verge of a demotion to the minors, he fell behind 5-0 in the third inning—but because of bloopers, tricklers, two errors and a passed ball, Manager Herman Franks stayed with him ("Why not? The runs weren't his fault.") and he pitched shutout ball the rest of the way. Giant outfielder Len Gabrielson, knowing that Sadecki was connected toes and remembering that his wife wanted to see "higher" with contacts, suggested to Catcher Haller that he hold his glove lower for Sadecki. "Gabe has something," Haller said later. "Sadecki never pitched better than he did after the glove was lowered." As for that thriller with the Reds, McCovey hit a two-run homer before knocking Jim Maloney out of the box with a line drive off his knee, and in the 12th, with the Giants behind 7-6, Haller hit a two-run home run to send CINCINNATI (6-7) to its 11th straight defeat. Tony Cloninger of ATLANTA (6-2) became the first NL player to hit two grand-slam homers in one game, and his nine RBIs set a major league record for a pitcher. **PHILADELPHIA (4-5)** Manager Gene Mauch and Mets Catcher Jerry Grote had words when Mauch upstoked Grote as the latter attempted to catch a foul pop in the Phillie doghouse, **NEW YORK (5-6)** scored 34 runs on 38 hits in taking four out of five

games from the Phils in Philadelphia. cutano (3-6) Pincher Bill Fuld fell to the minors after he questioned the judgment of Manager Leo Durocher. "Who called for that pitch?" he asked, after a curve ball had been hit for a homer. In 10 games Cubs pitchers gave up 72 runs; their own players scored 42. Ron Santo returned, after recovering from a facial fracture, and extended his batting streak to 28 games for a new Cub record. Asked where PITTSBURGH (8-3) could be without rookie pitchers Woody Fryman and Steve Blass, Manager Harry Walker answered, "Up the creek." A crowd of 47,656, largest ever to see a sporting event in St. Louis (4-4), watched as the Cardinals defeated the Astros 7-1. HOUSTON (3-4) released 39-year-old Robin Roberts, who was still 16 wins short of 300 career victories. Dick Stuart, lore of the Mets, joined LOS ANGELES (5-3) and found a "We Try Harder" button taped to his locker.

Standings SF 34 32 Pct 52 33 (A 47-36 Phi 46 29 Hou 45-40 Sal 39 43 Ari 41 42, Oa 37 46 NY 35 48, Chi 36 52

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Two days before playing in his first major league game, KANSAS CITY (7-2) rookie Jim North arrived in Detroit with \$8 in his pocket after being called up from Mobile; by the time he had taken a cab and two buses from the airport to Tiger Stadium, he was broke. "I checked into the majors without a cent—just like a rookie," he remarked. Tiger backers didn't think he threw like a rookie, as the 6-foot 5-inch 200-pounder struck 6½ innings, giving up six hits while striking out seven to win his first game. No longer bothered by an arm injury, Lew Krausse won twice, and Mike Hershberger continued his excellent hitting form, 300 since June 1. Arriving at the Kansas City airport at 5 a.m.

The A's found a group of fans waiting with signs proclaiming, "DARK, THE SPARK THAT FALLS THE PARK." BALTIMORE (4-6) had its own sparks. BLOOM POWELL (below) and Russ Snyder, who continued to lead the league in hitting even though platooned by Manager Hank Bauer, don't McMahon won three games for NORTON (10-3), and Tony Contigona broke out of a two-month slump with 18 or 35 as the Red Sox played their best ball of the season, to THURT (2-7) Manager Bob Swift drew the ire of General Manager Jim Campbell and the crowd when he pinch-hit for All-Star Dick McAuliffe, who had a 3-2 count with a runner at third and one out when he was removed from the game, and Earl Wilson, one of the league's best-litning pitchers, in a loss to CALIFORNIA (7-2). AL KLINE had another good pitch: five homers, 11 RBIs and 15 hits in 33 at bats. Another Clyde Wright won his third game of the year—2-1 over the Orioles. As for Whitey Ford asked to be moved to the bullpen where, after spending his first game, he told NEW YORK (4-8) Manager Ralph Houk, "I can't understand the fans out there; they all speak Spanish." Mickey Vernon led four homers (11 in his last 14 games) before being hurt again, and Fritz Peterson won two games, one a two-hitter over CHICAGO (3-9) and another against WASHINGTON (7-4). TORRINE AGE, who leads the White Sox, seven in department, was selected to the All-Star team. Relief Pitcher Dick Lines of the Senators lost red ERA from 2.77 to 2.35. Tony Oliva went on an eight-game hitting streak, and MINNESOTA (5-3) broke a seven-game losing streak. CLEVELAND (1-8) had a bad week that ended in a doubleheader loss to K.C.

Standings: Ball 54 29, Del 48 35, Cley 41-37, Cal 46 39, Mass 40-45, PC 39 46, Cal 38 47, Wash 39 49, NY 38 48, Bos 37 50

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

In 1954 Baltimore's John (Boog) Powell led the league in slugging (.466). In 39 home runs, 400 in 99 runs, batted .290 and was one of the key men in the Orioles' third-place finish. In 1963 his batting fell off so badly (17 homers, 72 RBIs, .268 BA) that he didn't recover until May 28, 1966. On that date he was batting only .180, with five homers and 14 RBIs. Then Boog began to go, and things started to bubble in Baltimore. In 56 games Powell batted .276 (jumping his season mark to .302), hit 37 home runs and accumulated 53 runs batted in. In one doubleheader he drove in 11 runs—four in the first game and seven of the eight runs Baltimore scored in the second. The O's moved into

first place, and by All Star time they had an eight-game lead over the second-place Detroit Tigers. A big factor in his improvement, according to Biog, was Baltimore Coach Gene Woodling. "Everybody was telling me how to move my hands or change my stance. Gene said not to listen—just go up and swing the bat." Said Woodling, "Telling Powell how to hit would be like telling Rocky Marciano or Joe Louis how to punch." Powell, who used to be harassed constantly about his weight, is up to 248 pounds compared to 241 in the spring, but no one is complaining, not even when he eats strawberry shortcake. Baltimore fans chant, "Boo-boo!" when he's going good, "Boo-oo!" when he's going bad. "They have that 'g' back in there again," Powell says happily.



DISPENSE: JOHN (2000) POWELL

Memorable Golf Holes (Cont.)

Some generals actually played the course at Watford, but enlisted personnel found better uses for it by JEANNETTE BRUCE

Golfers are forever reminiscing about monster courses they have braved and the famous holes that haunt them. I have never played the game, and probably never will, but I'll match the 8th at Bushey Hall near Watford against the 18th at Pebble Beach any day.

The Bushey Hall course was attached, as the fortunes of war would have it, to the area leased by the Eighth Fighter Command, to which I was attached as a WAC corporal, during World War II. The golf course, a few yards up a dirt road from headquarters, became the center of military activity for enlisted personnel. It was a gentle little course with none of the usual golfers' obstacles, that is, no sand traps, no water hazards and few trees. During the day sheep from a neighboring farm grazed on the fairways, keeping the grass nicely cropped and adding a pastoral note to a scene otherwise marred by the preparations of war.

Each hole developed its own personality for us and was liked or disliked, depending upon the use to which it was put. The 3rd, for example, was Boredom where once a month enlisted personnel were marched to hear a reading of the Riot Act. On a sunny day we would sit under a tree nibbling sweet blades of grass and staring at the sheep, who stared back.

Our target practice was at the 9th and ended in catastrophe. When, shortly after D-day, an order came through for WACs to be taught how to handle carbines, targets were erected along the edge of the course, guns were issued and a male first sergeant was detailed to teach us the intricate mechanism of the weapon. When he concluded, with no great enthusiasm, that this had been accomplished, we were marched out to the 9th. We were soon marched back. An accidental bullet had almost caught the hapless first sergeant as he was explaining the safety device, and the second bullet fired had imbedded itself in a sheep that had strayed into range. The Army paid

damages to the enraged farmer and took away our guns.

The golf course was not always the scene of dull lectures and inadequate marksmanship. There was the 7th hole (two trees!), which came to be reserved for social life. Notes were left in the cup at the 7th, their privacy strictly honored. It was a mild sort of trysting place. Cases of true love, by unspoken agreement, took themselves to London or elsewhere. A group would gather at the 7th each evening. The boys brought beer, nursed in some cold, private preserve of their own. The girls brought whatever food could be cadged from the mess hall after supper. Spider, a long string-bean guy with a brooding face, brought his guitar. He seldom spoke, but he sang or strummed softly as we told stories or talked shop. More often than not he was in trouble with the authorities, and his military history was a series of summary court martials and restrictions. He never tried to explain his unsoldierly impulses.

"The trouble with Spider is that when he drinks he blacks out," his only close friend, the supply sergeant, told us. On one occasion Spider had carefully collected and distributed around the post a gunnysack full of stray cats. He was restricted to his barracks for two weeks. About midnight on the night of his release, headquarters received a complaint from the sheep farmer that one of his chickens had been stolen. A flickering light was soon spotted at the 8th green. When MPs investigated this serious violation of the blackout, they found a drunken Spider happily roasting the purloined chicken over a homemade pit, the cup having been enlarged to accommodate the fire.

In the world outside the golf course the war continued and Germany increased the flow of buzz bombs. It was the day Spider's restriction for the crime of the chicken ended that a bomb found its way into the town of Watford, a mile or so from the post. The supply sergeant had gone to town on Army

continued



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Memorable Golf

business, taking Spider with him. Ordering Spider to wait in the jeep, the sergeant had gone up the street to the Army warehouse. He was still there when the bomb fell, demolishing, among other things, the jeep. Spider's body was not recovered. A few days later a memorial service was held at the 8th hole. There was much marching of lieutenant to captain to major, with salutes traded all around and a Purple Heart posthumously awarded to our comrade "fallen in the line of duty." No one noticed the lanky, disheveled figure in a soiled G.I. uniform, hanging in curious absorption over the fence until we were marched away. It was Spider, of course, unaware that he had just witnessed his own funeral. His story was simple. He had left the jeep to wait for his friend in the more comforting atmosphere of a pub down the street. After that? No one would ever know. Spider was charged with being AWOL and disgracing his uniform.

"The only time that uniform ain't in disgrace is when it's in the cleaners," said the supply sergeant. Our preoccupation with Spider was distracted when the golf course was suddenly put off limits and a special crew sent out to get it ready for—of all things—a game of golf. By Sunday morning flags fluttered from pins which had been excavated from the dim interior of a storeroom at headquarters and the farmer removed his mutton for a day. Those of us who were not on duty turned out to watch the three visiting generals play. Our own general made up the foursome, and we cheered his first three slices. He waved a club in salute. It was May 4, 1945. Three days later Germany surrendered.

Our camp broke up shortly after, with only a skeleton crew remaining. Some of us went to France, others to Belgium. Spider was sent home on a Section 8 furlough to adapt to the AFTER. The Army had certainly been unable to adapt to him. "It's mutual," said the supply sergeant.

As we pulled away in buses, I glanced back at the course. It looked slightly unkempt under a fine drizzle of rain. The leaves on the trees at the Social Seventh hung forlornly against the gray sky. A lone sheep lay against the pin at the first. I could not see the 3rd or the 8th. No, I am not impressed by the phobias aroused in golfers by the 7th at Pine Valley. Don't tell me about your memorable golf holes.



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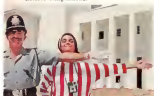
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Bermuda hit: the coral reef ballet.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ON THE DOLE

Sirs:

You have finally done it! In your article about the National AAU track and field championships (*A Doleful Day for Ryan*, July 4) you have pushed a great thing too far. Do you expect Jack Nicklaus to shoot 64 every day? Do you expect Sandy Koufax to shut out every opponent? I think not. No, if they win they are heroes and have satisfied the fans. However, if Jim Ryan wins the mile by 10 yards against an excellent field but fails to break a world record, everyone is disappointed. Now even SI has taken this immature attitude. Jim Ryan is not a machine that you can set up at a faster speed for each race. He is an individual!

If you or the fans are disappointed in a 3:58.6 performance, let me remind you that the mile is no easier to run today than years ago when no one had ever broken the four-minute mark. Why don't you try running a mile some time if you think that time is so slow and disappointing? I'll bet a nickel that Mr. Brown can't run it in 4:58.6!

MARK ZIEGLER

Wichita, Kans.

● SI reported, accurately, that it was Ryan himself who was disappointed. As for Walter Gwynn Brown, he ran in the 1965 and 1966 Boston Marathons, won neither, also was disappointed—ED.

Sirs,

Jim Ryan's fans are "disappointed" with a subfour-minute mile, and Michel Jazy runs the third fastest 1,500 meters in history (the fastest ever in Europe or the United States), and is "a failure" as a national hero. Just how silly can track fans and sports-writers get?

GEORGE P. MEADE

New Orleans

Sirs:

Many thanks for your great story about the world's greatest runner, Jim Ryan, represents Kansas, and it's good to see that someone else besides us at KU thinks he's fabulous. Many adults must be glad to see a young man who, though a teen-ager, has disciplined himself enough so that he can take his place among the truly great and dedicated athletes of the sports world.

BROWN WILLY

Lawrence, Kans.

WARREN BLUES

Sirs:

Mr. Curry Kirkpatrick, who wrote the two articles on the Kentucky-Indiana All-Star basketball games (*Together They Triumph*

Twice, July 4) must have some connection with Indiana. Kentucky happened to win both games rather convincingly, but I notice both articles tell about the personal life of the team that lost. Is somebody prejudiced against winners?

RUSSELL E. MUELLER

Erlanger, Ky.

Sirs:

The blame for the dismal performance of the Indiana All-Stars should be placed on their respective high school coaches, who taught them for four years to be selfish gunners, and not on Cleon Reynolds, whose own high school and college teams have been shining examples of good teamwork for many years. Even Kentucky's Joe Reibel would not have been able to handle them. Think of what fantastic individual efforts the fans of Indiana University, Purdue and Miami will be able to witness during the next four years. They will probably have to invest in individual scoreboards to maintain the emotional stability of the players.

RICHARD ENGEL

Indianapolis

FUTURITY

Sirs:

I'm going into 12th grade, and I participate in all the local AAU track meets. I want to be a track star. I wonder if you'd mind writing an article about me.

DAVID CANALL

Kenmore, N.Y.

● Wait a bit—ED.

SOFT SELL

Sirs:

In your letters column of July 4 Mr. Ed Mulford of Shelton, Conn. claims that "fast-pitch softball is hardly more than a memory now."

Mr. Mulford's statement is hard to understand in light of the fact that the Amateur Softball Association of America, the governing body of the sport, registered over 20,000 teams (50% of which were fast-pitch) and 8,000 umpires in 1965. As a matter of fact, one of the brightest, most rapidly growing sports organizations in the world today is the International Softball Federation, which includes 26 countries. The ISF sponsored the first International World Tournament last October in Melbourne, Australia. The tournament was for women, with five countries participating, and it was fast-pitch. The first Men's International World Tournament will be held in Mexico City this October. Softball has been accepted on a demonstration basis for the Pan

American Games, the Asian Games and the Central American Games. There is talk of softball being in the Olympics in 1972. Where there is smoke there is fire. All the 26 countries of the ISF and all the international games play fast-pitch. This hardly sounds like a dying sport.

If, to quote Mulford, "interest in softball is pretty well gone," how does one explain the 1964-65 home-attendance figure (211,000) of the Pekin Ladies, an Illinois women's team that is not even the national champion (incidentally, they play fast-pitch)? This figure is almost one-fifth the attendance (if hardball's professional Kansas City Athletics for the same period. The fact is softball is enjoying the greatest popularity it has ever experienced.

DALE MITCHELL JR.

Amateur Softball Association of America
Oklahoma City

Sirs:

Mr. Mulford states that "fast-pitch really was the top sport of every kind in America." His statistics are dead wrong, the top sport of every kind in America (and the world) is football—not what you know as football, where hardly ever a foot touches the ball, but real football, known to you as soccer. America is a continent that comprises many countries.

J. L. LOPEZ

Monterrey, Mexico

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the comments of a Mr. Mulford regarding the sad condition of fast-pitch softball. Here in the Midwest we have softball leagues and pitchers that are as good as if not better than those of 1954!

They have a big tournament every summer in Rock Island, Ill. and, believe me, those pitchers really throw that ball. For small-town fans there is a tournament in Blue Grass, Iowa during July where some of the best softball in the country is played.

So take heart, Mr. Mulford. Not all of us of the younger generation have turned so cars, girls, etc.

ROBERT A. FIEDLER II

Muscatoine, Iowa

PEACE PIPE

Sirs:

As one who has fished in and fallen into beaver ponds from the Uinta Mountains in Utah to the primitive area along the Salmon River in Idaho, I found Ed Gilbert's article (*Beavers Dam and Be Dammed*, June 27) most interesting.

I had heard that beavers would not eat pine trees because the pine gum got stuck

continued

What do other station wagons have that a Volkswagen doesn't?

1 A snazzy looking body.

Compared to other station wagons, a Volkswagen comes off kind of plain, styleless and boxy looking. But that's the beauty of it. Because it's shaped like a box it can hold about twice as much as stylish wagons. And because we make the body higher instead of longer, it'll park in 4' less space than stylish wagons.

2 An engine in the front.

Most station wagons devote about 1/3 of their space to carrying an engine around. But our engine is in the rear, out of the way, so most of a Volkswagen's space can be devoted to space. And with that extra weight in the rear, it gets extra traction in mud and sand and snow.

3 A drive shaft.

It makes that big mound in the floor-pan front to back, forcing the middle passenger to sit with his knees in the air. Naturally, wagons with engines in the front have to use a drive shaft to make their rear wheels go. But not the Volkswagen. It uses a rear engine to make its rear wheels go.

4 A radiator, a water pump and hoses.

All very necessary if your wagon uses water, but a VW never touches the stuff. It's

cooled by air. There's nothing to boil over, nothing to freeze up and no place to put antifreeze.

5 A frame.

Most other wagons have bulky frames. But instead of a frame, 15,982 spot welds join the Volkswagen body into one solid piece of steel. So loading 3/4 of a ton may cause a strain, but on you, not it.

6 All of the above.

That's our Volkswagen Station Wagon.

Because of what it doesn't have, it doesn't have much in common with other wagons. It doesn't look like one, it doesn't act like one and it can carry about twice as much as one.

Come in and take a look.

We think you'll like what you don't see.



Have a Merry-Crow-Round!

Round after round... no matter what your favorite drink... Old Crow Bourbon makes it better. Dee-licious. No wonder such luminaries as Mark Twain & Daniel Webster prized it. No wonder the Bird is such a big wheel on anybody's list of today's great whiskeys.

Those who know, call for...

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Famous, Smooth, Mellow

